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The Week

WHATEVER the political uncertainties of the season, one thing was ordained—the Democrats were sure to be wrong in their tax policy. Time after time they have failed to make a struggle against the Mellon tendency to favor the large incomes in tax reduction; they have purchased the slashes in the lower brackets which they demanded, by supporting even larger cuts in the upper brackets than Mellon himself proposed. This time they appear to be bidding for the favor of the United States Chamber of Commerce and the interests it represents, by coming out, through Senator Simmons and Representative Garner, for a total reduction of $400,000,000 to $500,000,000, made up principally of a cut in the corporation income tax from 13½ to 10 percent. Do they hope by this means to outbid the Republicans for the support of business? If so, we have the edifying spectacle of the two principal parties contending with each other to see which can do the most for the more fortunate elements of American life, whether at the expense of the rest or not. Owners of dividend-paying stocks in the United States probably do not number over 2,000,000 persons. So far, the national government has not suffered greatly from lavish distribution of benefits to large taxpayers, because it has had the unpredictable good fortune of the longest period of industrial prosperity in our history. But the caution signals are now too bright to be ignored. The administration is to be praised for giving some heed to them. The recklessness of the Democrats about future budgets suggests that they do not expect to be burdened with the responsibility of government.

TROUBLE for the Dawes Plan is arising from an unexpected source. For a long time economists have believed that it would have to be revised in 1928, when the substantially larger payments should become due, because of the difficulty of transferring these huge sums without depressing German exchange, in view of the lack of an export surplus from Germany. In that case, since the responsibility for transfer rests with an Allied committee, Germany could not be blamed for the failure. But now it appears that the necessary funds are not likely to be accumulated even within Germany, since the budget, which will have to furnish a large contribution to them, shows a deficit. From the point of view of German welfare and of international comity this is unfortunate. It will be possible for the Allies to blame Germany for the failure, and even to demand sanctions. Mr. S. Parker Gilbert, the Reparations Agent, has been struggling to avoid this eventuality, first by warning the German government that its budget was in an unsatisfactory condition, and second, by vetoing a proposed increase in pay to public officials. We should not be too ready to assume, however, that the German government has been spending more and taxing less than could reasonably be expected. It is still possible that the reparations payments constitute too heavy a burden on German economy, entirely aside from the difficulty of transfer.

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AT the same time a controversy is looming up between the American investors who have been so freely lending money to Germany since the Dawes settlement, and the Allied governments with a primary interest in reparations. If Germany cannot pay even the full amount of reparations, how can she pay the interest or principal on her private borrowings? And if she cannot pay both, who is to suffer? It has been assumed in this country that the private debts would be considered a first charge on German resources. But the Allies have a good case in arguing that, by the Treaty of Versailles, reparations became a first charge, and that America recognized this fact when, in connection with the Dawes settlement, the stabilization loan to Germany was specifically excepted. It has long been predicted in informed quarters that this controversy would arise, since the new capital poured into Germany would not sufficiently increase her production to make all payments possible. And it has also been predicted that the pressure of the American investors would lead to a revision of the reparations settlement. It now appears that, if it does, it must also, in justice to the Allies, lead to an equal revision of the war debt settlements with the United States.

THE Nicaraguan presidential campaign of 1928 is already under way—in Washington, D. C. There the leaders of the Liberal and Conservative parties are engaged in jockeying for the all-important favor of the American State Department. General Emiliano Chamorro has just been ruled out, as a Conservative candidate, by Secretary Kellogg. The United States could not recognize General Chamorro if elected, the official explanation says, since he was president during most of 1926, and the Nicaraguan constitution prohibits two successive terms, or parts of terms. It might also have been added that General Chamorro came into power after a virtual *coup d'état,* a practice which is now frowned upon. Meanwhile, "banditry" continues in Nicaragua, and is fought by American Marines. In an engagement a few days ago, sixty more of the natives were killed or wounded, bringing the casualties among the Nicaraguans in recent months close to 400. The pacification of the country by such means may be necessary, but the successive episodes of this sort are certain to be regarded throughout Latin America as further and irrefutable evidence of the United States' ruthlessness in pursuing its policy of domination.

THE "trial" of William McAndrew, superintendent of Chicago's schools, goes on to an accompaniment of some unusually ridiculous witch-hunting. Mr. McAndrew's dismissal is, of course, a certainty, the Board of Education having long ago been packed with Mayor Thompson's hangers-on for that purpose. The show has its lighter moments. There is Mr. "Sport" Herrmann's burning of the "pro-British" books in the Chicago Public Library—a library which, it appears, was founded after the great fire of 1871, with valuable assistance in the form of money and books from people in England, from Queen Victoria down. And there is the libel suit for $100,000 instituted—and very properly—by Professor Muzzey, against former Congressman Gorman, who seems to have been incapable of distinguishing between Mr. Muzzey's views, as author of a history text, and the views of King George III as quoted in that text.

THESE episodes, however, do not offset the gloom which is induced by the incident as a whole. Mixed motives, of course, are behind what is happening. If one set of textbooks is thrown out, another must be introduced, with a profit of many thousands of dollars going into nobody knows how many pocketbooks—or whose. A professional educator like McAndrew is a constant thorn in the flesh to the politicians, who look upon the public schools as a paradise of "perquisites," if not of actual graft. Mayor Thompson, of course, welcomes the issue. He has discovered that the simple-minded Chicago voter loves belligerency in a public official, and by picking a fight with a straw man, he distracts attention from his failure to attack the real enemies of the people of Chicago, who are close at hand, powerful, and fully capable of hitting back. Big Bill is a shrewd and cynical politician, who regards his constituents as morons, and hopes to get to the White House through a campaign based on that assumption. Who, remembering Mr. Coolidge and the police strike, dares say that his expectation is unreasonable?

SETTLEMENT of the coal strike in Illinois, Indiana, and five southwestern states by a temporary agreement to continue the Jacksonville scale pending investigation is the first break in the ranks of the operators. It is unlikely to be followed by prompt settlements in Ohio and Western Pennsylvania, where the operators are doing their best to exterminate the union by gunmen, evictions, injunctions and other notorious anti-labor tactics. When the union has won everything possible, it will probably have suffered a net loss of territory through the closing down of some union mines and the desertion of some others to the non-union camp. The largest "victory" it can possibly win on these terms, moreover, will leave the real victory still to be won. Some method must be devised to enable the union part of the industry to compete successfully with the non-union, and, on a larger scale, some method must be devised to stabilize the industry as a whole. We recommend these problems to the United Mine Workers and the American Federation of Labor as fitting subjects for the research which the Federation's executive council so admirably calls for. Now that the courts have declared mining to be interstate commerce, the way is open to federal control.

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FLORENCE KELLEY, in a communication published on page 289 of this issue of the New Republic, takes exception to our recent editorial comment on the new child labor program of the National Association of Manufacturers. She points out that some states already have standards superior to those outlined in this program, and indicates her belief that the real aim of the N. A. M. is to tear down existing high standards in these good states. The National Child Labor Committee takes another view, as was indicated in our summary of its comment, published on page 221 of the New Republic for October 19. The Committee believes that states which now have on their statute books legislation superior to the standards proposed by the N. A. M. are unlikely to discard it; and that states whose provisions are inferior, in one or several respects, will be encouraged to come up at least to the N. A. M.'s level. In showing how much room for improvement still exists, the Committee points out that

> six states do not require employment certificates for children of fourteen to sixteen years; seventeen states do not require a physical examination of children applying for work permits; nineteen states do not require the completion of the sixth grade; twenty-one states have no continuation-school law; thirteen states permit more than a forty-eight-hour week for children between fourteen and sixteen years in manufacturing and seventeen in mercantile establishments; thirty-two states permit work before 7 A. M.; five permit work after 9 P. M. in manufacturing and fifteen in mercantile establishments. Twenty-eight states permit children under sixteen to work around explosives; twenty-two states permit them to run elevators; thirty-five permit them to work on scaffolding; seventeen permit them to oil, wipe and clean machinery in motion.

The difference between Mrs. Kelley and the National Child Labor Committee is not as to existing fact, but as to the probable future course of events. The N. A. M. has a thoroughly bad record, and any seeming act of reformation on its part is entitled to be viewed with the utmost distrust by those who, in the past, have come in contact with its malignant and cold-blooded selfishness. We leave it to our readers to decide whether, in this case, its recommendations will tend to make the good states worse, or the bad states better.

TWO years ago, Russell Tremaine, aged nine, was forcibly taken from his parents by order of a court in Bellingham, Washington, and placed with another family for adoption. This amazing and inhuman act was based, as readers of the New Republic will remember, on the refusal of his parents to compel him to go to school and participate in the daily "patriotic exercises" which are compulsory for students in Washington. The Tremaines are members of a fanatical non-resistant religious sect, the "Elijah Voice Society." They acknowledge no authority except the Lord's, which is why they not only objected to having their son salute the flag but declined to make a court fight to regain possession of him—a fight which would almost certainly have been successful. But while they are fanatics, they are also human parents. For two years they have not seen their son. The court, with sadistic cruelty, has refused even to let them know the name of the family which has him. As a result, they are said to be almost insane with grief. This indecent spectacle of torture under the guise of patriotism would seem to have gone far enough; and the New Republic urges Governor Roland Hartley to intervene and restore the boy to his parents. We understand there is some question as to his legal power to act in the case; but there can be no doubt that his moral authority would be great enough to prevent any questioning of his action, once taken, even if it were unofficial.

IT IS reported that the seven states bordering the Colorado River are on the verge of an agreement, on the basis of which the construction of Boulder Dam by the federal government can go forward. It will be remembered that the Swing-Johnson Bill for this work failed in the last Congress on account of a filibuster, conducted chiefly by Senators from Utah and Arizona, two of these states. Utah's opposition was attributable chiefly to the intrigue of the private power interests, who wanted to get control of the project. Arizona's objection was, on the surface, that her rights to the resulting water for irrigation were not protected, and that a dam at a different place would be better. These objections, while apparently sincere, were not well founded in public policy. A third objection by Arizona consisted in her demand for a contribution by the federal government, should the government run the power plant, equivalent to the tax she could levy on the plant if it were privately operated. The new agreement will probably placate Arizona on the matter of water rights by conceding her demand for a subsidy from the power plant. We think the case for such a subsidy is poor, but if it is the price of going ahead with such an important development, it is better to grant it than to continue the deadlock. We hope only that the omnipresent power interests will not so influence the interstate compact that the government will be euchered out of its right and opportunity to produce and sell the power which will be generated.

NEW York City has again returned to its dearest political issue, the five-cent fare on its rapid transit lines. An expert from St. Louis, called in to survey the situation, has recommended an increase; and at once, all the politicians have leaped into the fray, declaring that they will never, never, desert the jitney ride. Most of them take this stand for the simple purpose of capturing all the votes they can, and have never given a thought to the economics of

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the question. For once, however, we believe they are on the right track. We are aware of no reason why rapid transit lines should earn their expenses, even if these were not grotesquely padded, as they are in New York, with interest charges on many millions of dollars' worth of watered securities, based in turn on long-time franchises, some of which were dishonestly acquired. The owner of a sky-scraper does not charge every passenger who rides in its elevators. An intelligent municipal policy would put its rapid transit lines where they are needed, ask a nominal fare, and collect the deficit out of increased taxation on land values which are enhanced by the existence of these lines.

Ten Years of a Communist State

IN LOOKING back over the origin of the Soviet Republic and its history during the past ten years, it is a question whether one should marvel most at its extraordinary intrusion into the society of modern states or at its no less extraordinary survival in such an exacting and hostile environment. Rare combinations of exceptional facts are responsible for both of these marvels, and it is important to distinguish what these exceptional facts are and how they entered into combinations which produced such a strange child. Only those who understand how the germ of the Soviet Republic was fertilized and how it has managed to live through so many years of adversity, experimentation, failure and hostility are in a position to place an intelligent estimate upon its meaning and its probable vitality.

If anybody had predicted in January, 1914, that the first modern Communistic state was to emerge in Russia, the prophecy would have looked like the ravings of a madman. Russia was the least industrialized of the great European nations. The wage-earners were underpaid and brutally exploited, but they formed only a small minority of the whole people. They were ill-organized, uneducated in Marxian doctrine, and were nowhere near as intelligently conscious of their position in society as were the corresponding class in England and Germany. The vast mass of the people lived in villages and earned a lean living by working the soil. They might have welcomed a revolution which would give them title to the land, but they were accustomed to suffer patiently under privation and oppression, and were as ignorant as children of the urban world of machine industry with which modern Communism has been preoccupied. There had, to be sure, existed for many years in Russia a revolutionary underworld which contained a larger number of professional conspirators, Communist or otherwise, against the social order than that which existed in any other community. They were tempered for any desperate enterprise except that of themselves operating a government, which some of them later undertook. Almost all of them were socialists, but only a minority were Bolshevists. When the revolution broke in March, 1917, there could not have been more than a few thousand thorough-going Communists in the whole of Russia.

Yet before nine months had elapsed, this handful of men had seized the government and had used its authority to abolish private property except in land. It was the most daring, hazardous and complete annihilation of an existing legal, social and psychological order which has ever been accomplished by state fiat. Nevertheless, it was imposed over-night by a few thousand formerly obscure Communists upon 150,000,000 Russians who did not understand or agree with their economic ideas, and who had always been, in relation to their local customs and personal habits, extremely conservative and sluggish people. What about it?

It is obvious, to begin with, that the Communists could not have swept the Tsarist plutocracy away so completely if Tsarism had not already annihilated its credit with the Russian people. For centuries Russia had been governed by a corrupt bureaucracy, recruited from the land-owning class which, in running the government, had sought chiefly two political objects. The first was to feather their own nests. The second was to build, on a foundation of the sheer mass of the Russian people, the most formidable empire in Europe. As a class, they were greedy and lecherous imperialist snobs, who took advantage of the good-natured endurance of their fellow countrymen to satisfy their own appetite for power and their ambition to cut a figure in western Europe. The ultimate results of the pursuit of their two objects were brought to the surface during the first two years and a half of the World War. Their economic and military organization was too corrupt and inefficient to conduct a war on such a vast scale, and the consequences of its guilty incompetence were visited on the defenseless body of the Russian peasant soldiery. The suffering and the slaughter were appalling. The news of it was carried throughout the length and breadth of the land, and prepared the survivors for resistance. The attempt to feed enough victims into the hopper and to supply them with munitions and food during the few months which preceded their killing completely exhausted the resources of the country and of the government. By the winter of 1917, the civil and military administration had completely broken down, and the Russian people had reached the limit of their endurance. Their patriotism was tribal and provincial rather than nationalist. They would follow any lead which promised escape.

The revolution was the natural consequence of this utter *débâcle*. The people welcomed it as a promise of the removal of the barriers to the negotiation of peace, but the government which succeeded that of the Tsar was composed chiefly of the better element in the old ruling class. It demon-

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strated feebly in the direction of peace, but when Russia's allies would not listen, it was too cosmopolitan and too regardless of the sufferings and the temper of the Russian people not to submit. Kerensky, like his predecessors, thought more about the approval or disapproval of Paris and London than he did about the condition and the welfare of his countrymen. At the crisis of this utter collapse of a governing class and social order, there was only one faction which dared by the desperation of its program to reflect and satisfy the desperation of popular feeling—the Communists. In the circumstances, their rebellion against capitalist society and culture was their chief merit. Russia's European allies sat for the moment in the seat of moral judgment. They would outlaw any member of the alliance which, for any cause, made peace with Germany. If the Russian people insisted on peace, they required a band of outlaws like the Communists to lead them to it. The Russian people were obliged to put up with Communism as the only way by which they could rescue their domestic life from further sacrifices to the exactions of western European culture and political interests. It was an extraordinary freak of history which compelled Russian national provincialism to assert its right to live its own life by accepting Communism.

The new government started immediately to negotiate peace. During the course of the negotiations, the small original group enlisted the support of waverers from other parties and of a formidable array of dislocated peasants and industrial workers. Disposing as they did of what meager resources the country still possessed, they soon recruited and armed a body of Red soldiers which for the moment was the only effective military force in Russia. By some miracle the new state survived its early difficulties. A superficial and partly valid explanation of its survival is the ruthlessness with which it suppressed the conspiracies against its authority and the energy with which it organized some kind of an army, but there is more to it than that. What chiefly saved the Communist government was not the able leadership of Lenin or the fighting faith of the Communists themselves, but certain dispositions and characters of the Russian people. The peasantry refused to rally around the counter-revolutionary armies. While they did not know enough to repudiate Communism, they knew too much to assist its enemies in crushing it, and too much to restore the rule of the Grand Dukes and of Paris. Their mixture of simplicity, endurance and mysticism enabled them to participate passively in a social experiment which they did not sufficiently understand either to approve or condemn. The Communist state has survived in an atmosphere created by their political and economic innocence, which could accommodate itself with less repulsion to the consequences of a radical social revolution than it could to the alternatives either of a revival of Tsarism or to some democratic system which assumed on their part political experience. The vast mass of the Russian people had never shared the ideals, the inhibitions, the pretensions, the techniques and the loyalties of modern scientific and protestant or counter-protestant civilization. They could find a more comfortable shelter in a state which was born of an equalitarian religion than they could in a state which was the product of a busy, secularized western culture.

Hence it is rather what the Russian people have done for Communism which has enabled it to survive than what Communism has done for the Russian people. The apologists for the Soviet government are trying hard to represent the Communist organization of Russian economic and social activities as a thriving experiment in thorough-going socialist statecraft, but there seems to be little evidence of the truth of this claim. The government has, of course, engineered a substantial recovery from the paralysis and the destitution of the years from 1917 to 1921, but this recovery testifies more to the limitations of Communist practice than to the virtue of the theory. It is the new economic policy and its release of petty private trading, and not the success by state industrial monopolies, which has brought back to the Russian people an increased ability to satisfy their economic needs. The Soviet government has not made much headway in solving any of its own peculiar problems. It has not managed to bring about a large enough volume of industrial products at a sufficiently low cost to permit the wide distribution of these products among the mass of the Russian people. The standard of living in Russia is, notwithstanding the suppression of luxury and waste, probably on the whole somewhat lower than it was before the War. Communism has not in practice eliminated class warfare in the Communist state. The conflict between the agrarian and the industrial interests for a larger share of the total product is as unmistakable in Russia as it is in the United States. Neither have the Communist leaders succeeded in contriving a way in which their revolutionary socialist republic can accommodate itself to its hostile environment in a capitalist world. They fluctuate between friendly overtures in the interest of more intimate relations with certain of these states, and offensive attacks on the susceptibilities of the nations whose toleration might be most valuable to them. Up to date they have failed to demonstrate how Communist government can save or acquire the socialized capital which it needs in order to defend itself and accomplish its objects, or how, if ever, it can discredit capitalism by a superior or even a tolerable social and economic efficiency.

Yet it has survived, and it will continue for a long time to survive. Communism, as exemplified in the Soviet Republic, seems to possess some virtue which enables it to triumph not only over its enemies but over its own flagrant mistakes and failures. The nature of this virtue is, we believe, indicated in the

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article by Mr. Horace Kallen which is published elsewhere in this issue. The vitality of Communism in Russia is the vitality not of an economic and political institution but of a religious faith. It supplies its sectaries with an imperative truth to live by. It instructs them specifically what to do in order to realize this truth. It concentrates their energy on the effort to perpetuate a society which outlaws, as inimical to the fulfillment of the better possibilities of human nature, property in the form of power. As Mr. Harold Laski says at the end of his illuminating little book on Communism, in the Home University Library, "Communism [in Russia] has made its way by its idealism and not its realism, by its spiritual promise, not its materialistic prospect. It is a creed in which there is intellectual error, moral blindness, social perversity. But religions make their way despite these handicaps."

In providing Russian youth with a truth to live by which calls for a desperate and fanatical self-dedication on the part of its converts, the Russian Communists are implicitly laying bare the most dangerous infirmity of a capitalist society. The example of their lives is far more dangerous than their propaganda. For capitalism has flourished in Christian societies at the expense of the vitality of religious belief. It demands a renunciation of the traditional religious effort to subordinate economic activity to a consciously humane ideal. It seeks its justification only in success, and it will have to be enormously and continuously successful if it is to survive. Moreover, its highest and longest flights of success cannot prevent the mass of the engineers and the passengers from getting bored. The United States is much the most prosperous and successful capitalist society in the world of today, but its people are spending their surplus income and their considerable leisure on trivial excitements, which are their compensation for giving up their lives to machine industry. The increasing cheapness of their interests and occupations tends to vindicate the criticism, fatal if true, that capitalism, as now practised, is conditioned on a decadent religious culture. Unless public opinion in capitalist societies understands the superior vitality of Communism to capitalism as a practical religion, and their need of some way, consistent with capitalism, of testifying to the basic equality of man, the Communist state will have an indispensable function to perform—the function of exposing the irreligion and the cultural anarchy which is concealed beneath the apparent productive efficiency of capitalism. The fact that Communism itself is also the unstable product of a decadent culture is not a sufficient answer. Its prophets are educating the more ardent and intelligent young people of Russia to seek the fulfillment of their lives in the realization of an impersonal equalitarian ideal. The ideal is Christian, no less than Communist, but the existing cultural adjustment between capitalism and Christianity does not provide for any method of realizing it.

Anti-Trust Laws, or Anti-Labor?

TWICE within the present month have courts of the United States affirmed an interpretation of the anti-trust laws that spells paralysis to the activities of a national union. In both instances the United Mine Workers of America acted the object lesson in the *dramatis personae*.

In the so-called Chicago agreement of 1898 between the "United Mine Workers' organization" and the bituminous operators of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Pennsylvania, there was this clause:

> . . . The United Mine Workers' organization, a party to this contract, do hereby further agree to afford all possible protection to the trade and to the other parties hereto against any unfair competition resulting from the failure to maintain rates.

Every succeeding conference between union and operators was filled with complaint that the union operators could not compete with the unorganized fields in West Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee, where hours were long and wages were low. In response to these periodic complaints, the unions' efforts to organize the non-union mines were periodically intensified. One emergence of these efforts upon the docket of the Supreme Court was the Hitchman case; another was the Coronado case.

In the winter of 1924, union men and operators of the Central Competitive Field met at Jacksonville and agreed to a three-year contract at a basic wage of $7.50 a day. But significantly enough, West Virginia operators did not join; and consequently there persisted of necessity "the stimulation of union leaders to press their unionization of non-union mines not only as a direct means of bettering the conditions and wages of their workers, but also as a means of lessening interstate competition for union operators" (Taft, C. J., in the Coronado case, 259 U. S. 344, 408).

When the Sherman Anti-Trust Act was passed in 1890, Senator Edmunds of the Judiciary Committee frankly said: "We all felt . . . that we should make its definition out of terms that were well known to the law already, and would leave it to the courts . . . to say how far they could carry it or its definitions." Eighteen years later, in the Danbury Hatters' case, the Supreme Court "carried out the definitions" by looking back to "the minds of the legislators" and finding "they made the interdiction include combinations of labor as well as of capital." Then the question—what is the breadth of the interdiction? There had to be a combination or conspiracy in restraint of trade. The restraint must be an unreasonable one. The commerce affected must be commerce "among the several states or with foreign nations." To every attempted exertion of power by a federal court under color of that law, the challenge is flung—and

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must be met—is the restraint one of interstate commerce?

In the Danbury Hatters' case and that of Bucks' Stove Company against Gompers, a general and nation-wide interference with interstate sales by the American Federation of Labor, through the exertion of economic pressure upon wholesalers and retailers who might aid in the marketing of the proscribed product, was a direct attack upon interstate commerce. The quarrel with those decisions rests upon other grounds. The tale of the bitter struggle to withdraw organized labor from the whip of the Sherman Act following upon these decisions, and of the heart-breaking "success" of these efforts embodied in the Clayton Act—together with interlineations thereto found in the Duplex and Stone-cutters' cases—is a thrice-told tale. But however severe and inclusive its condemnation of the activities of organized labor, the Supreme Court was foremost in its insistence upon recognition of the limits of federal authority.

The Coronado case was the great gesture of self-abnegation by that tribunal. The words of the Chief Justice bear quotation:

> The circumstances are such as to awaken regret that in our view of the federal jurisdiction, we can not affirm the judgment. But it is of far higher importance that we should preserve inviolate the fundamental limitations in respect to the federal jurisdiction.

Specifically, the court held that coal-mining was not interstate commerce; interference with its production was not an obstruction to interstate commerce, "although it of course may affect it by reducing the amount of coal to be carried in that commerce." Two years later the same temper of humility dictated the decision in the Herkert case. A strike against a manufacturer of trunks, accompanied by illegal coercion and picketing with the intention of stopping the manufacture of products which were "to the knowledge of the strikers to be shipped in interstate commerce to fill orders in other states, in the absence of evidence that the strikers . . . interfered . . . with the free transport and delivery of the products . . . "—was not an obstruction to interstate commerce.

When the Coronado case, after a re-trial, came again to the Supreme Court, there emerged from that Court the first suggestion that interference with production might amount to interference with commerce. Said the Chief Justice:

> But when the intent of those unlawfully preventing the manufacture or production is shown to be to restrain or control the supply entering and moving in interstate commerce . . . or the price of it in interstate markets, this action is a direct violation of the Anti-Trust Act.

But the decision was merely to the effect that enough evidence had been presented at the trial on the question of intent to require its submission to a jury.

This, then, was the state of the law before the Circuit Court of Appeals for the Fourth Circuit last April when twelve suits came before it brought by the operators of West Virginia to enjoin the efforts of the United Mine Workers at unionization. The sole ground for application to the federal courts was the allegation of conspiracy against interstate commerce violative of the Sherman Act. On evidence that mines of the complainant yielded 40,000,000 tons a year, 90 percent of which was destined for interstate commerce, and that only as that coal entered into interstate commerce did it affect the union's bargaining power in the organized fields of the Central Competitive area, the court concluded that the restraint was one of interstate commerce. The dictum of the second Coronado case was cited, and a federal court added one more cubit to the measure of its power. Petition for writ of certiorari was submitted by the union to the Supreme Court. On October 17 of this year, the petition was denied without opinion.

The same heritage of the Herkert and Coronado cases, buttressed by the opinion of the Circuit Court of Appeals just described, made up the jural material for Federal Judge Schoonmaker in the Western District of Pennsylvania. But the groundwork of circumstances in the Pittsburgh area was vitally different from that in West Virginia. The two leading operators in the District, the Pittsburgh Coal Company and the Pittsburgh Terminal Coal Company, were both signatories to the Jacksonville agreement of April, 1924. Late in 1925, the Pittsburgh Coal Company violated this agreement and announced it would never sign another contract with the union. On April 1, 1927, the Miami conference of the preceding February having deadlocked, the Terminal Coal Company announced its non-union policy and the reduction in wages. Here, then, was no industrial war of aggression on the part of the union; no scheme to prevent shipments to other states; no choking of competitive sources of supply. It was a struggle for that amount of life which organized labor had won and re-won.

Nevertheless, in a suit under the provisions of the Federal Anti-Trust Law brought by the Pittsburgh Terminal Coal Company, Judge Schoonmaker held that the facts presented a federal question in that interstate commerce was interfered with, and he granted the application for an injunction. The dicta in the second Coronado case and the West Virgina case were the court's reliance. Judge Schoonmaker concluded upon an analysis of the complaint that this "is a conspiracy to interfere with the interstate marketing of coal produced in non-union mines by the means of strikes, force and intimidation at the point of production; and that this is all undertaken with the intent and purpose to prevent coal mined at non-union mines from finding its way into interstate commerce." The

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averments in the bill of complaint that form the basis of this conclusion are these:

(1) The averment "of the existence of a general conspiracy and intent on the part of the defendants to interfere with the production of coal in all non-union mines in the Central Competitive field . . . coupled with the allegation of the intent thereby to keep non-union coal out of the interstate market in order that the coal output of unionized mines should have a monopoly in the interstate coal markets."

(2) The averment "of the special and particular conspiracy to keep from the interstate market coal produced at all non-union mines in the Pittsburgh district . . . "

This decision applies with irritating irony the reflection of a great judge upon the conception of interstate commerce—"commerce among the states is not a technical legal conception but a practical one. . . . " A very practical one for mine operators.

The Schoonmaker decree consists of nearly three pages of closely printed type "ordering," "adjudging" and "decreeing." It enjoins " . . . threatening, insulting, molesting or *in any way* interfering with plaintiff's employees and their families." It enjoins "threats, intimidation, insult, calling of names or epithets, or *in any like manner* interfering with an actual or proposed contractual relationship between plaintiff and its employees." It enjoins "impeding, hindering . . . or the *doing of any act* interfering with the operation of plaintiff's mines." It enjoins "congregating, loitering, parading." It enjoins "disbursing any funds for any further appeal bonds, attorneys' services, court costs or otherwise for the purpose of enabling . . . any person to occupy against the plaintiff's will any mining houses of plaintiff."

If the reader is surprised by the wealth of detail and wonders how the judge might think of all these points of relief, he will find light in a New York Times report in its issue of October 12. There is tucked away in the middle of an A. P. despatch from Pittsburgh this significant sentence: "Practically every point contained in the injunction decree drawn up by the corporation's counsel was approved by the Court."

It was in reaction to this sort of judicial inertia that Judge Amidon, in the case of the shopmen's strike, was moved to this blunt talk:

> Neither the restraining order nor the preliminary injunction prepared by counsel was signed by the Court. During the thirty years that courts have been dealing with strikes by means of injunctions, these orders have steadily grown in length, complexity and the vehemence of their rhetoric. They are full of the rich vocabulary of synonyms which is a part of our English language. They are also replete with superlative words and superlative phrases of which the legal mind is fond. The result has been that such writs have steadily become more and more complex and prolix. . . . Injunctions are addressed to laymen. They ought to be so brief and plain that laymen can understand them. . . . The order should not express the bias or violence of a party to such a controversy or his attorney. I therefore frame the orders in this case with such objects in view.

The decree granted in the Federal Court in Ohio a month before by Judge Hough was still more comprehensive. It fills a nine-page pamphlet, and of its scope only this sample need be given: "Each picket shall be a citizen of the United States and shall be able to speak the English language." At the same time, the court recognized the necessity that "this order is to be printed in the English, Italian and Polish languages."

Senator George Wharton Pepper, a few years ago, addressed the American Bar Association upon the subject of injunctions in labor disputes, and in commenting upon the Herkert case said:

> Any other decision would have subjected to federal jurisdiction every strike in a single factory the product of which was destined to swell the volume of interstate commerce. But back of the decision upon this jurisdictional ground looms the vital question—shall we persist in compelling the United States courts to take up the shock of our industrial warfare?

The impact of this shock was made tensely patent at the meeting of the American Federation of Labor at Los Angeles the other day when Mr. Matthew Woll was moved to urge the delegates to defy injunctions and bring the issue before the country "dramatically, tragically if necessary."

The anti-trust laws as interpreted by the courts, culminating in this latest injunction, virtually prohibit unions from defending their very existence, so long as the products of their labor are sold in interstate commerce. This is a far cry indeed from the original intention of the voters to protect the consumer from the extortionate profits of monopoly. Labor, so long as the law remains unchanged, and is so enforced, must either surrender or rebel. This is the choice which the judicially aided employer-dictatorship has forced upon the country. Can the federal government afford to risk its prestige upon a lasting submission of the workers?

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Religion in Russia

I

ONE does not need to be in Russia a long time to realize that the great revolution was far less a social upheaval than a religious reformation. My first Sunday in Moscow was Easter Sunday, my second Sunday was May Day. On both Sundays there were great processions of the same men and women. On Easter Sunday they marched into churches and chapels; the ikons they carried and adored were those of the ancient tradition; the event they celebrated was the turn of the season, the resurrection of the Lord. On May Day they marched from peasants' and workers' *doms,* from Union headquarters, from barracks and shops and schools; the ikons they carried and adored were the red flag, the images of the saints and seers and saviors established by the revolution, the texts and maxims of the new dispensation; deep down, the event they celebrated was still the turn of the season, weighted now with a turn of a political wheel, a resurrection of the common man in a "proletarian revolution." So far as I could see, the mood of the parading masses was the same on both holidays—the Christian Easter and the Communist May Day—and the masses were the same. What was different was the status of the language and symbolic vessels of the two festivals. Power and authority had shifted their seats. The law and secular arm were no longer supporting the old Orthodox Church. The Church had been disestablished; a new orthodoxy had been set up in the chair of the old, and sits in its place as the favorite of the secular power.

But this orthodoxy is not the less a religion because it is new, nor the less a myth and a symbol because it is secular and "revolutionary." Those who have known the Russia of the Tsars and know the Russia of the Communists are aware how little the folkways of that naïve and inarticulate giant have changed. The Communists among them are also quite without illusion about the folkways, but certain that they will change, since the Communist faith teaches that they must. Others are more skeptical. But all, regardless of party, acknowledge that the revolution has awakened the millions, that the government, "dictatorship" though it be, has liberated their energies, animated them with an altogether unprecedented sense of personal dignity and inward worth, opened to them hitherto sealed worlds of science and art and personal advancement, and rendered them, to that degree, discontented and ambitious.*

But it has not, however, changed their habits. The ways of the new Russia are still the old Russian ways. Communism enters Russian life and stays in it as a missionary religion, as a missionary religion backed by political power, what Christianity might be if adopted by the Chinese. Communism in Russia is as much a faith and as little a fact as Christianity in the United States. Communism is to the economic and social realities of Russia what Christianity is to the economic and social realities of the United States—very little more and no less.

Being the official religion of the State—the Communist party corresponds to the ecclesiastical establishment, and a laborious, highly disciplined, plain-living, puritan, exacting establishment it is—Communism possesses, of course, a certain advantage of position. It is favored in schools and colleges. Its adherents have the inside track in appointments to public office and the like. Its sacred texts and the very prospectively Gargantuan commentaries upon them that have been elaborated since the revolution by the new body of Communist scholastics—and that promise to make as imposing a library of socialist scholasticism as the medieval doctors made of Christian—have the advantage in the government printing offices. And so on. No one not blinded by prejudice will claim, however, that this situation is peculiar to Russia. It obtains *de jure* in every country with an official cult, *de facto* in every country with a prevailing one. In a word, the state cult in Russia, like the state cult anywhere in the world, transacts "business as usual."

This means that it has a favorable handicap in the field of religion, but in no way a monopoly. Its rivals and competitors are neither persecuted nor suppressed. The official program of the party looks to their mortification to death "only through the realization of purposefulness and self-consciousness in the entire social-economic activity of the masses." It proposes and carries on "scientific enlightenment and anti-religious propaganda." At the same time, it declares that it is essential "carefully to avoid anything that might violate religious feelings." Not since Christianity became the official faith of the western world has such a liberal attitude toward rivals gone with such a firmness of belief in the infallibility and salvational power of the faith. Russia, for the first time in her history, is enjoying the rare modern privilege of religious tolerance. Her hundreds of sects are professing their faiths and practising their ceremonials free and unafraid at last.

* Coming to Russia after Italy, to the Communist dictatorship after the Fascist dictatorship, one realizes what a difference in effect intention may bring about. The mood of the Italian masses is one of anxiety and fear. The good works of Fascismo, like its evil ones, seemed imposed rather than accepted. You realize in Italy not a liberation of energies but a binding of them, a harnessing up. Yet, so far as the technique of administration and control are concerned, there is more than analogy between the two dictatorships.

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II

I am aware that there has been a widespread and sedulous propaganda to the effect that traditional cults are suppressed, and that this propaganda is generally believed. I have seen enough, however, to be able to say that the propaganda is, as usual, a false propaganda.

The truth is that persons who make their livings exclusively from the practice of religion, professional religionists, that is, are sometimes disqualified from some of the privileges of citizenship; ministers of religion who gain their livelihood from "productive labor" are not so disqualified, while Communists, of course, may not join the party unless they come under the definition of "productive worker." The truth is that no traditional Church is any longer in a privileged position; having disestablished the Orthodox Church, the State has left to the devotion and piety of each sect the upkeep of its establishment and the vigor of its worship. Religion, being thus a matter of the private conscience, becomes a charge upon the private purse. It is the truth that in one locality or another an instance occurs of petty tyranny or religious oppression. (Jewish Communists often show an intense animus against Judaism and its practices.) But where do such instances not occur? We in America are certainly without title to cast even the last stone.

It is also true that the State does not permit the teaching of religion—formally even of Communism—in schools, and prohibits religious schools of whatever grade. And as religion, far more than any other of the institutions of our civilization, depends for continuance upon schools and instruction, the intention might properly be deduced from the prohibition that the traditional religions of Russia shall dry up through inanition and shrivel to nothing. The deduction would not be denied. But would it follow? The law allows religious schools for persons over eighteen, though I have not heard of any; private instruction is permitted to younger groups of no more than three pupils, and sermon and service are always possible instruments of instruction.

Far more important in the survival of the traditional cults is the will and desire of the church members that they *shall* survive. To what degree this is just now present may, perhaps, be inferred from the lapse of the dietary laws in so many orthodox Jewish families in the Ukraine, from the return to the government, by one Orthodox congregation after another, of its rent-free church, because it finds the burden of its upkeep too heavy. One gets the impression that, to very many pious peasants and workers, the restrictions of law upon ecclesiastical organization and the like is a relief rather than a hardship. A relief as long as they remain free—as they do—to use the traditional rites if they wish to. Thus Moscow in 1927 shows the same scenes that Arthur Ransome saw in 1919. "As I walked," he then wrote, "through the Red Square, I saw the usual crowd of peasant women at the little chapel of the Iberian Virgin, where there was a blaze of candles. On the wall of what used, I think, to be the old town hall, close by the gate, some fanatic agnostic had set a white inscription on a tablet, 'Religion is opium for the people.' The tablet, which has been there a long time, is in shape not unlike the customary frame for a sacred picture. I saw an old peasant, evidently unable to read, cross himself solemnly before the chapel, and turning to the left, cross himself as solemnly before this anti-religious inscription."

In 1927 the peasant does not, perhaps, cross himself before this anti-religious inscription. But he pays it and its like the religious homage due to a religious object. He is not so old; he is certainly able to read. He may—though it is not likely—fail to make the sign of the cross before the chapel of the Iberian Virgin; but he does not fail to acknowledge the equal and no less mysterious salvation of the Communist sacred text. His wife having made due obeisance before the begauded Virgin, he goes with her to make due obeisance before the mummy of Lenin, decked out in simple state in its own appropriate chapel outside the Kremlin wall. Religious sentiment is as alive in Russia, and religious behavior is as usual, as they ever were; only the faces of the gods, and the words of their mouths, are somewhat changed.

III

What is it that changed the faces of the gods in Russia? Not the devil of Bolshevism, nor the revolution it let loose, nor the Marxian anti-Christ that, according to Tikhon, it set up. The Church herself, by her goodly and godly work through generations, changed the faces of the gods and altered the words of their mouths; the Church and the churchmen whose breath was her life and whose living was her precious provision. An ecclesiastical establishment of ancient history and worth, the Orthodox Church naturally had attained to great riches in lands and buildings and treasures of gold and jewels and silver. Her princes were princes among princes, and among the people their rule was made sure by the rule of the State. The priests who were the guardians of the Orthodox tradition and the ministers of its rite were members of an organization in which they were divided into two classes. One was composed of the black monks who lived in monasteries and did not marry. The other of the white popes who lived among the people and did marry. The monks were learned and arrogant and political; from them only could the high officers of the Church be chosen. The popes were ignorant and envious and powerless; they formed the mass of the priesthood and endured

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with hatred what they could not remedy with force. The interest which united them with the monks was enmity against the sectaries and schismatics who kept popping up to challenge authority and to menace livelihood. Article 185 of the Tsarist criminal code provided that all the possessions of any who abandoned the Orthodox Church were to be confiscated and the dissidents imprisoned—until due and convincing repentance secured renewed access to the consolations of the faith.

Dissidence, in Russia, had from the beginning been, perhaps, far more widespread, counted a larger number of adherents, associated in a greater variety of sects, than in any other country that God had blessed with an established Church. The nineteenth century saw a great resurgence of dissident sects. Whatever names they went by, and whatever the peculiarity of their inspiration and rite, or their ritelessness, they tended to have one thing in common. On the whole and in the long run, they were all protesters; and the thing they protested was their deep misery under the economic and social oppression of the Tsarist regime. They joined together eccentricities of dress and diet, idiosyncrasies of idol and idea with the rejection of government, of property, of war, of castes and of classes.

Some saw salvation in a second coming of Napoleon; others in the way of life taught by Tolstoy, whom the Church had excommunicated; others in the wearing of white robes; others in drinking milk only; others in the observance of a Saturday Sabbath; others in baptism only; others in self-mutilation. Some were called by the names of various leaders — Napoleonists, Tolstoyans, Stoundists, Sontaievtzi. Others were called by the names of their peculiar practices—Stranglers, Doukhobors, Milk-Drinkers, Merchants of Paradise, Jumpers and the like. Still others were named by their peculiar doctrines—like the Little Gods, Divine Men—also called, for their practices, flagellants—Sons of God, Brothers of Death. Nearly all of them preached, in one form or another, community of possessions, wickedness of war and similar "revolutionary" doctrines. All suffered persecution at the hands of Church and State—and together they counted their millions.

Could these sects, spread from Sebastopol to Vladivostok, have been anything but fertile soil for the seed of revolutionary doctrine, doctrine so almost identical, at least in earthly matters, with what they themselves believed and taught, and as they could, practised? The great authority on the sects of Russia is Vladimir Bonch-Bruevitch, Lenin's secretary from the revolution to his death. As early as 1894, Bonch-Bruevitch told me, he had called Lenin's attention to the high readiness of these dissidents for revolutionary propaganda, and much work was done among them. When the revolution came, they were among its most believing supporters, and in the counter-revolution they had a signal role in the defeat of Wrangel, Yudenich, Kolchak and other leaders of the White reaction.

Today these sects are flourishing in Russia, the Baptists indeed so mightily that the State has offered them legal status as a corporate body. Expatriate colonies—Doukhobors, for example—are seeking to return home. Judaists, who meet their great opposition from the members of the Jewish section of the Communist party, have been emboldened to ask for permission to call a national conference of all Judaistic congregations, and have received it (the conference was set for last month, and was to deal with various problems of the cultus; with education; with the freedom of the Judaist religious press; with the question of a permanent national-religious organization.)

IV

But the Jews and Judaists are another story. The Christian sects of which I am speaking all make their gains at the expense of the former established Church and its successor, the Living Church. Both in the older form and the newer, this Church has been the loser through the revolution. And it was not the revolution which caused it to lose; it was its own rigidity, ignorance and greed. In Tsarist days, when it was the state Church, its priests charged the faithful all that the traffic would bear for the orthodox service of salvation. For the services of the unfaithful, it expropriated and punished without mercy. During the revolution, its head, the Patriarch Tikhon, denounced the new government as anti-Christ; its personnel participated in every sort of counter-revolutionary conspiracy; the monasteries of the black monks were asylums for White terrorists, nests of agitation and attack against the new government. Denikin, Kolchak, Wrangel, and their armies received both the sacerdotal blessings and the more tangible sacerdotal goods. Yet, during the famine, the same churchmen opposed the conscription of church wealth to relieve the hunger of the people to whom they were ordained to minister; many tried secretly to steal church treasures and smuggle them out of the country. Liberals will still remember with what indignation foreigners read of the sacrilege which the government committed by its swift and thorough action, when this was discovered. But in Russia the sacrilege had been accompanied by pitiless publicity. It turned the public sentiment, which had naturally begun in favor of the churchmen, entirely against them. It split the Church. The lower caste of the clergy forced Tikhon's retirement until a church congress should be held to decide between them and him. They called a nation-wide assembly of such churchmen as were sympathetic with their views.

The assembly met a year before the Congress. Its members came from all churchly castes, their

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grievances ran the whole gamut of ecclesiastical doctrine and practice, from an incidental item in the ritual to the adaptation of the entire church dogma and church ceremonial to the revolution. They finished by deposing sixty-one bishops for disloyalty, and by placing, among their successors, five of the married priests. When the Church Congress came, the churchmen of the assembly dominated it. By that time Tikhon was on trial for treason. The Congress denounced and deposed and unfrocked him. It approved—this was most revolutionary—of married bishops. It approved of laying bare sacred relics. It elected a successor to Tikhon and initiated for its members a *vita nuova* as the New or Living Church. But it seems not able to hold its own as an organization. The Orthodox Churches, old or Living, continue to lose to the former dissident ones more than to Communism. Meanwhile, the historical tradition of religion which they all represent seems to be holding its own. As late as the first week in June, the London Times reported complaints in the Communist party that the propaganda against religion was ineffective. Balkanoff is said to have urged a reorganization of the Atheist Society and the special training of missionaries for work particularly among women, children and adolescents.

What better testimony on the status of religion in Russia could one ask for?

H. M. KALLEN.

The Censorship on Loans

AMERICA'S financial suzerainty has at last been depicted in the light of a Frankenstein's monster so sinister that even worshipers of high tariffs, favorable balances of trade and other ancient shibboleths of the world before 1914 are beginning to betray anxiety as to what it may portend. There is a demand for a congressional investigation of the government's policy of censoring foreign loans, as well as for a sweeping inquiry into these transactions themselves. It would not be surprising if a congressional committee should be empowered to examine into the international bankers' foreign operations, on a scale as extensive as that of the famous Pujo committee, which exposed the existence of the "money trust."

Strangely enough, it is a defender of Wall Street's right to lend money where and as it pleases who has attracted attention to this phase of capital's flow abroad. He is Senator Carter Glass, who, though a Democrat from Virginia, has assailed the State Department for continuing the Harding policy of approving or disapproving foreign flotations in the United States. Though a man of some sophistication, Senator Glass seems to fear that the Coolidge administration is bent upon wrecking Wall Street's profitable business of lending money to needy nations of the Old World. For the first time in President Coolidge's career—and probably to his amazement—his policies have been portrayed as inimical to the great financial interests of New York, Pittsburgh and points west. Mr. Glass would have us believe that Messrs. Coolidge, Mellon and Kellogg are sitting up nights to devise schemes for throttling the trade in dollars.

The reaction has been both illuminating and amusing. At first, Mr. Coolidge professed to see considerable merit in the Virginian's viewpoint, and volunteered the information that he had frequently thought of terminating the censorship. Meanwhile, several prominent financiers rushed to the defense of the system, and, at the moment, both the President and Secretary Kellogg are loud in their assertions that there is no reason for discontinuing it. But the damage has been done, though not in the manner Glass had anticipated.

Unfortunately for the latter's contention, since World War days the average man has caught a glimpse of the power of the economic forces. Revelations of a genesis of the War quite different from that which stirred him in 1917 have proved disturbing. Such phrases as control of the seas, commercial supremacy, the need for more markets, the threat of pre-war German industrialism and France's desire to regain its lost coal and iron mines, now have a more familiar ring than Wilson's fourteen points. The acrimonious quarrel with France over debts and tariffs, the recent tragic failure of the naval conference at Geneva, the picture of our Marines safeguarding American investments in Nicaragua and the controversy over American properties in Mexico—all these have disillusioned some, at least, of the common people, and produced uneasy thoughts. Against this panorama of disquieting international relationships, the proposal that American bankers should be permitted to pour more money abroad, without any restriction whatsoever, looks like a mortgage and commitment on future generations. The average man does not want his son to shoulder a gun in defense of unwise foreign investments, no matter how much the flag may be waved by the interests which have proved their skill at such propaganda in the past.

He also knows something about the effect of this tremendous volume of private loans on the Dawes Plan and the chance of collecting the sums owed our government by its former allies. He knows that private advances to foreign interests have reached the amazing figure of $13,000,000,000; he also knows that the war debts owed the government, both funded and unfunded, are

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approximately $11,000,000,000. He sees that it may be impossible for these debtor nations to repay both amounts. He has heard, perhaps, the Circe-like voice of Otto H. Kahn and other eminent financiers urging cancellation of the war debts. He cannot but fear that an unrestricted flow of private funds abroad may eventually lead to such a demand for cancellation that some administration may succumb.

It is not to be supposed that the present regime is stoutly defending the rights of small investors and the peace of future generations against Wall Street's desire to carry on its transactions without restriction. As a matter of truth, under Coolidge and Kellogg there has been no real supervision of foreign loans. There has been no insistence or request that the bankers advance money only for "productive enterprises." There has been no attempt to direct the flow of capital into channels where it would prove helpful rather than harmful to public policy.

In fact, the sums loaned abroad since the conference between Harding and the bankers in 1921 more than equal the advances before that date. Of approximately $11,000,000,000 invested in foreign fields since 1914, more than $7,000,000,000 has been advanced since the bankers agreed to submit their prospective flotations to the State Department for inspection. Despite unsettled conditions in the years immediately following this supposedly epochal development in American finance, advances abroad have reached unprecedented figures, as follows:

1921	$ 625,820,000
1922	869,992,000
1923	543,639,764
1924	1,589,130,000
1925	2,206,018,650
1926	1,891,963,861

And they will be well over $1,000,000,000 for the current year. Through such episodes as anti-foreign land laws in Mexico, dictatorship in Greece, wholesale resignations of European cabinets, strikes and riots in England and India, revolutions in Portugal and Nicaragua, and the overthrow of the Greek government, the loans have gone merrily on. There appears little evidence that the Coolidge administration used its good—or evil—offices to curtail them. Despite our difficulties with Mexico, private loans to Mexican interests have totalled more than $50,000,000 in five years. Mr. Kellogg has recently said that no loan to a Latin-American country has been disapproved since he took office. This means that the Department did not object to the $1,000,000 advanced by American bankers to President Diaz of Nicaragua for the purpose of "pacifying" his country. (It is significant that the War Department, in selling arms to the Diaz faction, has accepted notes bearing interest at 6 percent, although bonds of the Nicaraguan Republic are quoted in the open market at a much higher rate.) When these advances of money and rifles did not suffice to quell the rebellion against Diaz, the administration, insisting that "legitimate" American investments must be safeguarded, despatched Marines and battleships and aeroplanes to the aid of the Diaz group, and these proved more effective than dollars.

In its attitude toward the flow of capital to South America, the State Department has shown complete disregard of one of the chief purposes of the Harding agreement, which was to prevent financial aid of enterprises that might tend to increase the cost of commodities marketed in this country. The administration has not disapproved investments in such a government-regulated monopoly as the Cuban sugar industry or such a natural monopoly as the Chilean nitrate beds. More than $750,000,000 of American money is sunk in Cuban sugar growing, but this government has made no protest against the new laws that restrict the crop destined for the United States. This attempt to regulate the supply of a necessity is about on a par with the British rubber monopoly, but Mr. Kellogg has not raised his voice—probably because, this time, the benefits will redound to American investors. To curb monopolistic tendencies, the department frowned on a loan to the German Potash Company, although it sought refuge in the explanation that this was a "government-fostered" monopoly. Here again, the defects of the present system were strikingly evident, for when Lee, Higginson and Company of Boston were advised that the potash loan was not compatible with the public interest, the only effect was that the money was furnished by Lee, Higginson and Company of London.

If this scrutiny of foreign loans is to be continued, the need of a definite policy, whether by statute or executive order, becomes obvious—especially in view of the disagreement within the administration over the kind of loans that ought to be encouraged or discouraged. Secretary Hoover takes the view that borrowers and lenders should unite in an effort to insure that these sums be used only for "productive enterprises." Dr. Arthur N. Young, economic adviser to the State Department, shares this feeling. Addressing the Williamstown Institute of Politics in 1924, he said:

> The purposes to which foreign loans may be put are a matter of concern to the Department of State. It is obviously desirable that American capital going abroad should be utilized only for productive purposes. This is especially important at the present time, in view of the economic conditions of many foreign countries as a result of the War. Moreover, the government of the United States could not but object to the utilization of American capital for militaristic ends.
>
> In short, the Department of State could not be expected to view with favor the utilization of American capital abroad in such manner as to prevent or

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make difficult the carrying out of essential American policies, or to promote the carrying out of policies inimical to the proper interests of the United States.

Secretary Hoover delivered a public address advocating this standard; and a few hours after he had done so, Mr. Kellogg went out of his way to emphasize that such was not the government's policy. The Secretary of State, quite nettled by his Cabinet associate's plain speaking, hastened to correct the impression that the Department would look favorably only on loans for "productive enterprises." To this hour, it has been impossible to find out from the State Department what its guiding principles are, in passing on bankers' proposals for foreign flotations. Certain it is that the far-sighted fear of a Frankenstein's monster which may some day imperil our foreign relations and jeopardize our material and spiritual investments does not animate the Coolidge administration in its defense of a policy nobody understands.

RAY T. TUCKER.

Washington Notes

ONE of the most dreadful things about the Coolidge regime in Washington to those who have not been dependent personally, professionally, politically, financially or socially on it, in one way or another, has been the murky, mawkish propriety that has characterized the whole smug and smirking outfit from top to bottom. For four long years, in order to keep in tune with the White House and avoid suspicion from the sour little New England board of strategy operating the federal machine, everybody in public office here has felt compelled to go around being discreet, colorless, careful and commonplace to such a degree that all journalists of experience and all politicians with brains agree that not since man can remember has there been as utterly dull and uninteresting an administration.

After five years of this, it is really refreshing to be able to report that there are small but unmistakable signs of a break in the drab dreariness of official life, a little hope that the day will come again when a secret service man or a secretary may laugh aloud and live. I do not want to arouse vain hopes of a lively winter in Washington, but it is certainly true that with the end of the talk of drafting Mr. Coolidge and the sinking in of the fact that after March 4, 1928, there will be a new man in the White House and a new crowd around him, a load has apparently been taken off the chests of a good many gentlemen scattered about the great buildings here who have their share in running our splendid country.

Highly intellectual members of the "corps of correspondents" tell me that they note a disposition upon the part of department heads to talk much more freely than before. The noble Calvin himself, in the press conferences, where he has always been loquacious enough over trivial matters, has become quite garrulous, and prattles aimlessly, vaguely, solemnly and at great length every Tuesday and Friday. The saintly Mr. Mellon is talking far more freely than he did. So are Mr. Lowman and Mr. Mills and Mr. Donovan and Mr. MacNider and Mr. Marshall. Dr. Work, the erudite Wilbur, James Moose Davis, and a lot of others, inside the Cabinet and out, are exuding words as they have not dared to in a long time. To me it is an encouraging and delightful sign. What a funny thing it would be if this administration, in which unstandardized speech has been systematically smothered, and soft pedalling developed to the state of a fine art, should go out in a wild burst of loquacity!

I look hopefully to the approaching session of Congress to start something of an epidemic of impulsive talk in administration circles this winter. There are so many who are ripe for that sort of thing. They have been so long suppressed. Is it not even possible that the noble Calvin himself may, before spring is over, say or do something impulsive? Stranger things have happened. If he doesn't, it will mean that he must look back on five years in the White House without having to regret a single word he said or thing he did while there, which is another way of saying that, for five years as President of the United States, he said and did nothing. What a record! What a man!

But let's get away from the White House, and up to the Senate office building, where, with an informality and candor all his own, Senator Borah from day to day discusses with the "boys of the press" the state of the Union and the condition of the party, to the extreme irritation of some of his senatorial colleagues and the great disgust of several of the most eminent among the administration leaders. By common consent, Senator Borah has recently become the spokesman for the Progressives, as the small band of Western Republican Senators unaffiliated with the administration call themselves. What they are called within the organization would not look well in the columns of this highly respectable family journal. Speaking on the general subject of what the Progressives think, feel and want, Mr. Borah has supplied some rattling good first-page stories within the last week or so. They are vague, they are inconclusive, but they are interesting. The correspondents have treated the Progressives with the utmost seriousness—particularly the New York correspondents, who never treat anything any other way. My own feeling is that, while it is a pleasant and commendatory thing to find even a small group within the Republican party anxious to fight, even if they are slightly uncertain as to what they want to fight about and who they want to fight for, still, this particular group will not do very much or get very far this time. If they were a little more coherent, it would be easier to take them seriously.

Another reason for my feeling about these fellows is the fact that William E. Borah is about the most unpredictable, unstable, uncertain quantity in a deal of this sort that anyone can imagine. I admire and like Borah, and I should certainly hate to contemplate a Senate in which there was no Borah. He is a gifted and a great man, but in a situation like this, in which political sense

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and not eloquence or fire or fervor is the essential quality, in my humble and almost always mistaken judgment, he just is no use at all. Some of those who talk with him in his confidential moments give me to understand that Mr. Borah has not only not revealed whom he favors for the presidential nomination, but actually does not know. He knows perfectly well whom he does not favor. That is easy enough to find out, but if anyone has any real idea in whose camp he will finally land, I have not heard of it. The only certain thing about Mr. Borah at this time is that he is against any drafting of the noble Calvin and is everlastingly opposed to the austere and bewhiskered Mr. Hughes, who, it is cannily suspected by the Progressives, is the Mellon-Coolidge candidate.

There is another thing certain about Borah, and that is that he is going to cause considerable embarrassment to the party managers in the convention on the subject of prohibition. The hope of the dominant Eastern leaders is to avoid conflict on this subject, to adopt the usual law enforcement plank and let it go at that. This does not satisfy Borah a bit. He promises—and on this I think he will make good—to see that the usual pussyfooting plank is made impossible, and that a straight-out declaration, one way or another, is made. If he succeeds in forcing his party to declare itself unreservedly dry, it naturally increases the chance that the Democrats will take the out-and-out wet side, and that would mean that, for the first time in eight years, we should have a clean-cut issue between them. I hope he succeeds. It seems to me that Mr. Borah can be vastly more effective if he concentrates on platforms and not candidates. He is always more effective fighting for principles than for persons.

Washington. T. R. B.

Good Beginnings

The Good Hope, by Herman Heijermans. Civic Repertory Theater, October 17, 1927.

Interference, by Roland Pertwee and Harold Dearden. Empire Theater, October 17, 1927.

The Belt, by Paul Sifton. New Playwrights' Theater. October 19, 1927.

IT is certainly true that this season has begun far more promisingly than the last, or the season before the last. Not that there have been phenomenal things; nothing revolutionary in the theater art, nothing with an imposing distinction. But entertaining, agreeably inventive, and not without a degree of suavity or good manners—that must be said; the general impression, at least, is that intelligent people can venture on Broadway without fear of suffocation and embarrassment.

These two offerings at the Civic Repertory Theater and the New Playwrights' go somewhat further in serious intention than have most productions this season; and if they are not wholly better in technical execution, they stand up well enough beside the others.

Heijermans' play of the seaman's life has been a classic for almost thirty years in the Dutch theater, and has been read over the world. In the sobriety and insistence of its length it is a trifle old-fashioned now; those last two acts take a leisurely pace that does not seem to me to add to the tragedy or to deepen its spell on the imagination. As a document, the play may gain by the sarcastic items of the scenes in the shipping master's office, but as drama, some of the bite of all this detail is gone. Miss Le Gallienne might strengthen the whole effect by cutting here and there till fifteen minutes or so were saved, and then by speeding up now and then, especially towards the last —Mrs. Shipping Master, for one instance, or the telephoning, for another, take too much time.

The direction of "The Good Hope" is admirable, most of the playing fair. The women are much better than the men, partly because the dramatist's character drawing for the female roles is more inner and accessible than for the male, many of which are written with some of the old-style character method and require great precision of realistic veracity if they are to be believed in, or skillful stage projection if they are to shine as impersonations. Mr. Egon Brecher, however, is an exception; as the ship owner, he is cast for the kind of part that suits him best, and achieves a complete success. Miss Alma Kruger, as the old mother on whom so much of the tragedy falls, plays very well, especially in the first part; in the muted and terrible moments at the end, when the news of the shipwreck is certain and she faces her loss, Miss Kruger is good enough, quite beyond repertory demands, in fact, but lacks that last intensity, or dumb finality, or whatever it is, that would be great acting. Miss Le Gallienne, in the part of the self-reliant and hitherto unbroken young sweetheart of one of the shipwrecked men, plays very well indeed, and with a definite growth in emotional volume or force. "The Good Hope" marks a promising start for the Civic Repertory Theater's second season.

"The Belt" seems to me not only a fair start for the second season of the New Playwrights', but a great improvement over their last year's productions. In the first place, the acting is much better, the performances of half a dozen of the minor roles in "The Belt" are excellent, and of the five leading parts, Miss Jane Barry as Flora Thompson, the worker's wife, and Mr. George N. Price as the old man—very unmistakably Henry Ford—play well, and Mr. Lawrence Bolton's Bill, the little Red leader among the factory hands and Nancy's lover, and Miss Gail de Hart as Nancy, are both good, better sometimes than the writing, which they carry to a convincingness and point beyond its own achievement. Mr. Bolton, in particular, is an addition to the group. Mr. Massey's direction, his handling of the crowds, especially, on that old Cherry Lane stage no bigger than your hand, is often remarkable. If the factory stampede, with its packed stage, does not wholly come off, it is far better than most, and its attempt at an unflinching method is to be applauded. The whole event, play, directing, acting and producing is an advance over last season, there is less of that naïve blare, that anxiety for satire, for jazz, for independence of personal emotion, for shocking grandfather, that you felt at every moment in last year's productions; and there is more sincerity of feeling, more freedom and variety of mood, and far more technical competence. And you feel,

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perhaps, that since they can do it better, these workers have less irritation and contempt for the art they work in—a good sign.

The play itself is a vigorous, uneven cartoon of American industry, Ford families, publicity bunk, weariness, sentimentalism, sex, radio, jazz, despair, and courage. "The Belt," if not a powerful play, is, on the whole, an interesting and worthy one. It has not the irony, the suave aloofness, that, at one extreme, might lift it into significant scorn and ridicule; and, at the other extreme, it does not convey the sense of great passionate feeling, a soul torn and consumed with the wrongs of the world it envisages and scorches into dramatic art. But it has its own irony, nevertheless, and its feeling; it outlines its people distinctly; its dialogue is lively, diverting and forced into explosive humor or youthful, burly caricature. "The Belt" as a whole makes you believe that it came out of life, and carries life within it. If it sags somewhat now and again, it is almost invariably entertaining and high-spirited. And it must be admired for the way in which, as it knocks the bottom out of loyalty, old-fashioned dances, fiddles, early American furniture, tin medals, 100 percent Americanism and the rest of our familiar illusions, it escapes the illusion of the worker's nobility and desire for perfection, the solution of the problem through this or that, the millennium at hand, and, as wise artists have done before, relies for its significance on the human substance within which the dramatic ferment works.

"Interference" you know at the first curtain and all the way through to be a murder play, or at least a handsome melodrama. How you know this so perfectly is hard to say—perhaps by that heightened effectiveness everywhere, by that shine of entertainment on the moments of it, by that delectable smoothness with which the play is run off, that suave and agreeable polish on every part, however tense or packed with implications.

The story of this English piece, already long since a success in London, hangs on the return of Lady Marlay's first husband, Philip Voaze, whom, from the casualty lists of the War, she had thought dead. She had lived with Voaze before her marriage to him. Deborah Kane, another mistress of his, knows Lady Marlay's history, and now, at the moment of Sir John Marlay's fame as a scientific discoverer, she begins her blackmailing. Voaze comes from abroad to consult the great doctor, he learns the state of affairs, and that he himself is a dying man. We should need a long account to set forth the motivations of his visit to Deborah Kane, his killing her with a bottle of poison taken from Lady Marlay and bearing Sir John's label, and the final solution of the threatened scandal and ruin. There is a certain amount of padding in "Interference" to keep things going, and an elaborate leisure that serves now and then the same ends. But there are subtle and profound implications in some of the character drawings, in the Philip Voaze, for example, which is something of a triumph, especially in the creation of the elements in his soul that led to his murder of the woman who is still mad for him, and whom he says he killed for the cause of refinement, and that he would have done the same thing for a sonnet of Keats. Mr. A. E. Matthews, Mr. Arthur Wontner as the doctor, and Miss Kathleen MacDonell, who never fails in her fine precision, as Deborah Kane, give capital performances.

STARK YOUNG.

The Fight Film

MOVING pictures should be like this, all motion only, with captions cut to the bone, and sound muted to suggestion. I do not agree with my friend who says they should supplement with the Vitaphone the showing of this film. I am glad they haven't even an orchestra, and the film whirs away in silence. You can listen to a fight on the radio, but here you can actually see noise photographed by the camera, din made visible in the upward and backward thrust of the announcer's head, in an exaggerated, queerly comic vehemence with which he stabs his left hand at Tunney's corner. Watch the rows of spectators, and you are aware, not of silence, but of sense under the attack of sound turning to the curious gaze of the deaf, watching with bland intensity in a world where uproar is forgotten. Or the flat staccato of the smacked flesh beats an alarum against the front row ringside, and reportorial heads, bent low over scribbling, look up suddenly in unison.

Such method is only as old as Homer, who cast the light of Helen's beauty across the faces of the Trojan elders and let us surmise the power of the original from the radiance of the reflection. In other respects this film hews rightly to the severe line of the classic tradition; it is sharp, clear-cut, definitely pointed. I have always wanted to see one-reel short stories in the movies; I think that our five and seven-reel features are cumbersome, amorphous, tediously long. News reels or travel pictures bore one less than anything else, and that because they do less flagrant outrage on our sense of unity of time, place, or action. The running time of the Dempsey-Tunney film is about an hour; the actual time of the fight, including the slow motion repetition of Round 7, is foreshortened from forty-five to twenty-six minutes; there is no sacrifice of dramatic values or slurring of athletic detail.

The film, like the fight, falls into the natural division of preliminaries and Main Event, the former serving to heighten suspense and accentuate the importance of the latter. There is a triple preparation. To begin with, the economic *mise-en-scène* is delicately broached. Hundreds wait in line willing to pay $1.10 to watch Dempsey in training. Close-up of the sign "Admission $1.00, Tax $.10, Total $1.10." Look at all the cars in the parking spaces, not all flivvers, either. Count Them. Picture of Tex Rickard, the chief promoter of the fight, a glass and bottle perched on the shelf above his right ear forming a humorous detail of the composition. Picture of Miss Naoma Lowensohn, directress of ticket distribution, the only lady in the picture, photographed, as the caption says, "in the limelight of efficiency."

It is clear from the general atmosphere preceding the fight, from the illogical appearance of a flood of Dempsey money, that the challenger is the protagonist. There is a disarming air of jollity about his training camp. Demp-

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sey leads the band; Dempsey is always a "leader"; Dempsey plays pinochle while Jerry the Greek kibitzes; Dempsey blows the tuba; Dempsey takes off somebody's glasses; Dempsey makes a little speech at dinner; Dempsey smiles magnetically; Dempsey is a good guy. By contrast, Tunney is good-looking, but handsome in a dull way; his smile is a little too serious, and he indulges in rather pompous posing of flexed biceps and inflated torso. The training garb of the boxers invites a deeper, more invidious if less conscious resentment of the champion's *ménage*. Where Dempsey and his stable photograph dark in saturnine vestments, where even Chuck Wiggins, Tunney's sparring partner, appears in sable one-piece suit, the studied draping of the champion's shoulders with a white towel, and the militant etiolation of his athletic undershirt suggest a satirical over-stressing of the Galahad motif.

Modern fighting as a plastic art is beholden for its esthetics to the rigid linear formulæ of a mechanistic environ. In the squared circle, a roundhouse swing is a great solecism. A pugilist must set the pattern of his action in the straight line, or its derivatives; he must use the straight left, the light jab, the right cross, the left hook. We have seen the force of this convention leave its imprint on the angular gestures of, for example, Mr. James Gleason. So here; a decor of verticals, horizontals, diagonals introduces the theme. Dempsey works at the stiff wooden arms of a rowing machine; behind, in the background, is an iron fence. Miss Naoma Lowensohn's blouse, in the limelight of efficiency, alternates light and dark diamond lozenges, a figure recurring in the diamond-trussed girders supporting the camera stand. There is a marvelous scene, almost a still, quite in the Murnau feeling, of the arc lights over the ring, a huge black clock in the background, and motion apparent only in the gentle flutter of the flags, all blowing slightly leftward from their vertical poles. Tunney's bag-punching performance is excellently felt, the rhythm beautifully stated as the champion's feet lift and fall in four-four cadence, and the acceleration of tempo runs abreast of his rising energy. Finest of all is the scene of Dempsey's outdoor practice. His ring is pitched in the foreground; in the background is another ring where his sparring partners, or other boxers in training, are working out. Overhead rises a crazy assortment of frames and scaffoldings. While Dempsey takes a few limbering-up exercises, alone in the ring, up, down, up, down, the figures in the background engage each other, rush from side to side, horizontal motion set as a background for vertical. Dempsey takes on Krueger, the German light-heavy; the horizontal motion is transferred to the foreground; the little black figures in the farther ring automatically switch to dancing, rope-skipping, vertical movement. All through the round, against a clear sky set with curled clouds, under the wooden tree that looms above them like a very gallows, they keep bobbing their ceaseless faithful rigadoon.

The preliminaries are over. Before the main bout, the tradition of fistiana requires the introduction of celebrities too numerous to mention. The ring fills up with woolly-looking, non-athletic figures; they wear soft hats, spectacles, long overcoats. Despite the crowd, they are really left alone with each other; nobody wants to look at them. They are a little conscious of this lack of focus, feel foolish, blunder around in awkward myopic good nature, shake hands with each other, are gone. You have had the ceremony of the cage of sloths, the prologue to the swelling action of the panther fight.

Dempsey in the black trunks, Tunney in the white, go through six rounds without significant break in the involute measure of their rhythm. Each stalks the other in drag-step, the left foot forward, the right lagging after, a curious gait which contains a suggestion both of menace and paralysis. Counter to their motion, in the opposite direction, goes the more lively and natural tread of the referee. They come together, they clinch, he parts them; all resume their former courses. Here and there, far back into the darkness, spectacles blink on invisible faces. Nearer the ringside, an occasional visage is frozen in a fair copy of the Greek archaic smile. Once a round is well under way, the photography moves you closer to the scene of action, and again, eases you back toward the end; that is to say, beginnings and ends of rounds are, apparently, shot from a greater distance from the camera. For six rounds the action is mechanical, smooth, unexciting. Tunney is well in the lead.

Where a less intelligent director would have given us, before Round 7, exclamation points, startling capitals, an alarming series of symbolical drawings, Mr. Charles Penser has left his caption as simply declarative as all the preceding ones. He has made no foolish attempt to state dynamics in verbal terms; he has left action to be wrought in action alone. You know what is going to happen, but you cannot see it coming. Shortly before the knockdown, Dempsey lands a right cross, one of the best blows he has struck during the fight, but it is apparently without effect. Then he has Tunney against the ropes—a left hook, another right, and it seems to me it is the third left which breaks Tunney's knees from under him, and sends him sprawling to the canvas in a sitting position, feet in the air, one hand clinging to the ropes. Dempsey is slow getting to a neutral corner; the referee warns him insistently and repeatedly; Tunney is out, there is no doubt of it; he recovers a bit, watches the referee ever so dumbly, climbs up, and is running for dear life. When I saw the picture, this was the only part at which the film-audience indicated any emotion, and here it took the form of a united derisive chuckling. I think they were laughing at the champion's running away, but the sight of Dempsey vainly trying to catch him is equally comic. The challenger gives it up after a while, drops his hands, makes a club-like gesture with his left that says "Come on and fight!" and repeats the invitation in words shortly thereafter. The bell rings, and the round is run off again in slow motion.

It is a wonder that directors have never used this tempo for other than strictly narrative purposes, and have left its baroque and fantastic possibilities so unrealized. The baseball comedians, Nick Altrock and Al Schacht, execute a marvellous *rallentando* burlesque of a tennis match between Suzanne Lenglen and Helen Wills; imagine, I ask you, anything funnier than Ben Turpin being hit with a slow-motion custard pie. Or, if you prefer being purged by pity and terror, how about setting "The Pit and the Pendulum" in this laggard *milieu*. This kind of super-

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realism is here, in good faith, very apt. The lentor of the approaching figures has all the grumous import of a nightmare. They come at each other warily, like men walking in water, moving through a medium more thick than native air. The referee floats in to part them, dissolves again out of sight. The left hook lands, the right, the left again, Tunney is slowly going down, the crowd coming slowly up, four more gloves fall on the champion's face before he sinks to rest. The referee urges Dempsey toward a neutral corner, making his point with the languid gesture of an esthetic dancer, or an unusually gracile *maître-garçon*. You watch Tunney on the floor coping with weird phantasms. Someone on his left, back from the ring, is waving a newspaper, and the crumpled sheet seems to hover and soar overhead like a chalky specter. A hand stretches out toward him, rising and falling ever so slightly with its owner's pulse beat, poised steadily as if it could steady him. Up and down at his other side moves a beam of an arm, counting. At last he rises from his long hypnosis, the light in the foreground brightens suddenly; the film is cut; we are reading the caption for Round 8.

From then on the film unwinds swiftly to its inevitable end. There is an interesting unexpected return to the slow motion in a knockdown of Dempsey—Dempsey down, crowd up, Dempsey up, crowd down. The lines of visible faces at the ringside, through the last three rounds, quicken with a livelier interest. The black mask of Dempsey grows darker and darker with the blood of defeat. After the bell, the undefeated heavyweight champion raises to his lips the microphone. I suppose it is, in a sense, the Sangreal. There is a flashback showing Dempsey before the fight, smiling unconcernedly; he does not seem to feel the brick wall in the background. There is another flash-back showing his manager, Mr. Leo Flynn, once more bravely driving away at a golf-ball. Life does go on.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES.

Notes on a Radio Program

A. D. 3072

AS THE air was unsealed, the City Orchestra was playing improvisations, shooting up towers and minarets of speculation and erasing them with sudden sunsets of reticent emotion. Slowly they began to build sapphire balconies to a cottage of jasper affirmations. Then the cottage vanished before the gradual inspiration of a white city founded on emerald and chalcedony and sardonyx and sardius and chrysolite and beryl and topaz and chrysoprasus, crowned with domes and spires of amethyst, agleam in the still, translucent thunder of a dawn of credible ecstasy. For a moment, flutes and piano unfurled a swarm of clouds, each like a cluster of pearls, in the high radiance above the imperishable city. The sun rose in the flashing bells of mellow cornet and bass, and trumpets edged the clouds with golden and vermilion. Kettle drums sounded from the bottom of the sea, and in a breath the day was done, all the instruments flaming carefully in the purple and agate and saffron and shell tumult of sunset behind the city. Silence. A flute answered the lark of the clarinet. Silence.

The instruments began again. Briefly they evolved a cloud, vast and clearly defined, at high noon of a summer day. Unnaturally the cloud condescended to become a white temple on a wooded hilltop. Forests growled benevolently. Mountain torrents barked. The wood was filled with dancers. They streamed through the portal into the temple. Empty forest. The drum bombed once and was filled with the crash of cymbalic delight. Night swept hill and temple into stardust. A vagrant flute hung out a constellation. And the wooden *glockenspiel* chuckled in the garden.

Now they were infolding and unfolding water lilies on a lucid pond of meditation impearled with all manner of precious stones. Imponderable convolutions of the woodwind impregnated the solemn soil of the brass bass. Whorls and spirals of the flute evolved through liquid reflections in the orchestra, put forth vast leaves, budded slowly, burst into stars of labial petals. Imperious humility of the blossom floated on the stream of melody, consonant profundities of obvious harmonics and eudemonics. Laughing, laughing, hear them laughing, nymphs are pearls and pearls are nymphs. Sing a song of pearl-nymphs, laughing, laughing, laughing. Water laughter lilies. All.

The orchestra, having paused for a while, began a rollicking voyage down a canyon, now and then interrupting the adventure to recite a page or two of antithetic history.

HELEN KLEBANOFF.

Tired Fencer

In your blue orchard, Time,
strike me another note
that I may shift this rhyme,
this knife now at my throat,
this sinister intent
forged from a steel desire,
by apter swordsmen bent
than I may ever hire.

Or send assassins three
in sable caftans wrapped
to drive my foes from me
when my poor sword has snapped.
Let one have eyes that see,
another, hands that smite,
and one swift legs to flee
into the outer night.

O, either for my sake
who has no shield to bear,
but better far the break
of music in the air.
So from your orchard, Time,
engulfed in deepest blue,
drop me another rhyme
that I may fence with you.

HERBERT GORMAN.

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A COMMUNICATION

Can the Leopard Change Its Spots?

SIR: With regret I have read your editorial of October 19 on the National Association of Manufacturers and its child labor Program. By your permission, I differ, noting that it expresses pleasure that the N. A. M. "has recently taken what we regard as an excellent stand on the matter of child labor."

The sponsors introduce this Program as "for the further *protection* of employed children fourteen and fifteen years of age." You paraphrase the National Child Labor Committee as saying "only six states have yet progressed as far," and volunteer the editorial opinion that "even the standards of the N. A. M., if lived up to, would mean a great improvement in most parts of the country."

When Mr. Wiley H. Swift, speaking for the National Child Labor Committee, asserts that only six states now meet completely the first five standards advocated by the Manufacturers' Association, his statement is fantastically misleading. Take, for example, Indiana, which falls below the Program *only* in having the period of prohibited night work end at 6 instead of 7 A. M., but surpasses it in having an enforceable eight-hour day, in forbidding night work after 7 instead of 9 P. M., in its eighth-grade educational requirement, its eighteen years' limit for continuation-school attendance, and prohibited work in dangerous occupations. Can it be said that putting into effect the proposals of the Program, the fourteen hours' spread of daily work, leaving school at the fourteenth birthday, and restriction of education to the sixth grade, would be an advance? And Indiana is typical of the enlightened states, whose truly protective legislation for wage-earning minors is to be dragged down to the level of the laggard minority.

Among beneficent influences from which these children are to be *protected* is the eight-hour day, which they now have in twenty-eight states and the District of Columbia. Every experienced enforcing official knows that the eight-hour day cannot be maintained in a spread of fourteen hours from 7 A. M. to 9 P. M., which the N. A. M. proposes, or without a specifically prescribed daily limit, set as in New York at 5 P. M. for factories, and 6 P. M. for stores; or (with increased difficulty of enforcement), at 7 P. M. in twenty-eight states for both factories and stores. In six more states, night work below sixteen years is forbidden after 7 P. M. in factories. In Montana all children under sixteen years are permanently excluded, at all hours, from all factories, doubtless because of the hazardous nature of Montana industry. This leaves only thirteen states which now close *less than two hours earlier* than 9 P. M., the hour the manufacturers propose for the whole country.

Characteristic of the Association and its Program is this disingenuous procedure. The eight-hour day is not mentioned, either in the one page of proposals or the eight pages of elucidation. Under pretense of abolishing night work, the eight-hour day is made possible, by reëstablishing the abandoned closing hour of 9 P. M. Today Idaho alone has this closing hour. Texas and California alone have a later one, 10 P. M. Even North Carolina has, this year, changed from 9 P. M. to 7 P. M. What quality of "protection of children fourteen and fifteen years of age" is this, depriving them of the most important safeguard of their health—a long night's rest, a long break between one day's work and the next?

The ideal underlying the proposed remodelling of the schools is not defined in the six paragraphs of the Program or the eight pages of elucidation. The proposal alarmingly resembles the Prussian system abandoned since the War. Prussia, however, had one advantage. She required her children to finish eight full years of school attendance, *not six,* and provided them *all* with school-houses and teachers. If this school work were finished, not otherwise, boys and girls could go to work at fourteen years, and to a continuation school, wherever this existed.

According to the Program, children "unable or unwilling," in the opinion of some state official, to go beyond the sixth grade, are to be "released."

To the weary youngsters who are to work until 9 P. M. throughout a (non-enforceable) forty-eight-hour week, of which four hours are to be spent in a (hypothetical) continuation school, it is, indeed, a "cheap and nasty" substitute that the Program offers for full-time education in schools adapted to their needs.

In truth, the Program is a plan to reduce to a dead level the experience of wage-earning boys and girls; the sixth grade for all, then four hours a week of narrowing preparation for some particular job. But the jobs open to children fourteen to sixteen, chiefly stupefying and often dangerous, offer deplorable preparation for citizenship!

The comprehensive answer to the whole Program is a question. When will all the factories operated by members of the N. A. M. and its component industries be safe work places for minors fourteen to twenty-one? When will they stop killing, dismembering, maiming and blinding boys and girls? Why do the state branches of the N. A. M. hinder the spread beyond eight states of triple or double compensation laws for children injured while illegally employed? Why do these industries burden themselves annually with insurance charges to cover hundreds of thousands of dollars of compensation claims of young people whom they injure, and of the dependent survivors of these unfortunate young victims when killed?

When, in some far-off millennial year, every industry represented in the N. A. M. can convincingly show a record of "no time-lost injury" to any minor on its payroll, then and then only can the N. A. M. justly expect a patient hearing for any modest suggestions it may offer "for the further *protection* of children fourteen and fifteen years old."

Meanwhile, this Program is in complete accord with the spirit of the policies of the N. A. M. "in regard to trade-unionism and social legislation."

FLORENCE KELLEY.

New York City.

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Season of Mists and Mellow Fruitfulness

One Tree in Autumn

So little wind would ruin all this gold:
One lightest breath out of the autumn sky,
And not a single slender stem would hold. . . .
And we should learn how flaming things must die.
Let me look long upon this, while I may,
The delicate leaf, the thin and shining stem,
In this, their hour of glory, their brief day
Of golden airs that hover over them.

And let the end come, if it must, by night,
When I have gone, and shall not come again . . .
Thinking how one tree, in that golden light,
Flames on and on, a still flame, now, as then,
Golden forever, now . . . it might be so,
This once . . . this once . . . for all I stayed to know.

DAVID MORTON.

The Hunter

All tense, he walks the burnished earth, all tracks
Lie shimmering behind him, hammered white.
His hounds are silver-hinged with springing backs
And bellies gouged in flint; they nose at light
And point where radiance settles.

Through brakes and thorns and nettles
He tears an endless pathway toward a glow
And beats in frenzy when the gleam is narrow.
He threshes in despair and does not know
He is himself an arrow.

GEORGE O'NEIL.

Ghostly Tree

O beech, unbind your yellow leaf, for deep
The honeyed time lies sleeping, and lead shade
Seals up the eyelids of its golden sleep.
Long are your flutes, chimes, little bells, at rest,
And here is only the cold scream of the fox,
Only the hunter following on the hound;
While your quaint-plumaged,
The bird that your green summer boughs lapped round,
Bends south its soft bright breast.

Before the winter and the terror break,
Scatter the leaf that broadened with the rose,
Not for a tempest, but a sigh to take.
Four nights to exorcise the thing that stood
Bound by these frail which dangle at your branch,
They ran a frosty dagger to its heart,
And it, wan substance,
No more remembered it might cry or start,
Or stain a point with blood.

LÉONIE ADAMS.

Autumn Movement

Friends I have had, the dæmon-driven, the gay,
The girls like blossoms, the games and dancing done,
(Voices half-heard, and laughter far away,)
You are my loneliness when night comes on,

And I am alone. You are the rumor in my blood
Of footsteps flying on every guessed-at trail.
You are a story scarcely understood,
That I must strive to tell forever, and fail.

For there is no way I should want it told, in the end,
But in the old alphabets of earth, to be
Extant as the leaves' literature on the wind
When wind and earth have had their way with me.

Time has its poems, though it writes them slower.
The rock remembers—it will work its art.
The dust forgets. O footsteps going nowhere,
How brief your hieroglyphs upon my heart!

This is my loneliness—in the idle hours
When autumn and night lean in, and I am alone,
Remembering friends I have had, the girls like flowers,
Remembering the games and dancing done.

GEORGE DILLON.

Croesus in Autumn

If the distrait verdure cleave not to the branch
Less powerfully than flesh to the fervent bone,
Should then gruff Crœsus on the village bench
Lament the absolute gold of summer gone?

Though this gray guy be no Aurelius,
Surveying the ilex and the Latin vine,
He might consider a little piteous
The green and fatal tribe's decline.

But in Kentucky against a dwindling sun
The riven red oak and the thick sweet gum
Yet hold the northward hills whose final stone
In dark ogive supports the fractured loam.

The seasons down our country have a way
To stir the bald and metaphysic skull,
Fuddling the stout cortex so mortally
That it cries no more, Proud heart be still, be still.

I bring you but this broken metaphor,
So haul your careful carcass home, old fellow,
More Roman than the doddering emperor
Now green is blown and every gold gone sallow.

ROBERT PENN WARREN.

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CORRESPONDENCE

America Included

SIR: The New York Times recently had a front-page article in which President Coolidge is quoted as saying that the recommendations of the recent World Economic Conference at Geneva with regard to tariff barriers did not apply to the United States.

In Geneva this summer, I heard one of the members of the League of Nations Secretariat, Sir Arthur Salter, discuss the report. In nothing he said was there the suggestion that the resolutions were meant only for Europe. The final report of the conference is before me as I write. In this conference, as is generally known, American delegates sat on an equal basis with the rest of the world. There is no statement here about their suggestions applying only to Europe. There were certain sections of the report to which the representatives of the Soviet government withheld assent, but these exceptions are specifically set forth. There are no records of exceptions by the American delegates to the conclusions of the conference about lowering tariff walls.

As a matter of fact, the significance of the gathering is in the fact that business men, economists, labor leaders, and government officials representing practically all the countries of the world, after careful study, came to the unanimous conclusion (excepting Russia) that the world's economic health would be promoted by lowering tariffs. M. Theunis of Belgium, in his concluding presidential address, expressed it as follows:

> But, as the starting point and angle of approach to the different problems, the Conference, as an international conference, has felt bound to assume that international trade is itself to be desired; that the exchange of products and services between persons either of the same country or of different countries is normally to the advantage of both parties; that the greater the range of exchange of different products between those who, by their resources and capacities, are best fitted to produce them, the greater is the general economic advantage; and that international exchange of products best and most economically produced in different countries should therefore be regarded as the normal rule.

It is obvious that the resolutions had Europe particularly in mind, because Europe especially is suffering from the absurd barriers which short-sighted governments have set up. Europe is also handicapped in international commerce because each country has such a limited home market. But the conference was a world conference, and the resolutions were not limited in intent to Europe. To say that the conference was excepting the United States, one of the countries which has the highest tariff barriers, is to indulge in pharisaical self-deception.

New York City. JULIAN S. DUNCAN.

Oriental Immigration

SIR: Pardon me if I fail to understand clearly your expression regarding "an educated class who . . . in other parts of the country refuse to take the Negro or the Japanese seriously." It appears to me that the Pacific Coast and the South (they being, doubtless, the certain parts of the United States to which you refer) have taken the Negroes and the Orientals very seriously indeed, although they have arrived at different conclusions from those found by the New Republic. The Pacific Coast found itself confronted by a rapidly increasing immigration of peoples (not Japanese alone, but Koreans, Chinese, Hindus, etc.) from densely overcrowded countries, and menaced by starvation. Peoples of races, religions and culture entirely different from their own. Dark-skinned people. The Pacific Coast people (children of eastern states pioneers) were called upon, threats even made by legations at Washington, to share their land and their society with these aliens. It was not a matter solely of allowing these unassimilable races (if "assimilable," so much the worse) to acquire a few thousand acres of the Pacific Coast's millions (largely mountain and desert), but of giving up control of the land they had tamed and irrigated to the *avant couriers* of Asia. Neither was it a question, as many seem to believe, of the alleged superiority of the whites or the inferiority of the colored races. We may admit, indeed, the superiority of the latter in some particulars, which only makes the danger greater. Unless the white Pacific is willing to abandon its orchards and gardens to these aliens, superior or inferior (as I have seen them abandoned), they must take measures for their protection. Either they must preserve their garden land and schools for their children as Americans, or they must hand it over to Japanese and Hindus. Taking the matter very seriously, they prefer the former policy.

Let me make the attempt (a difficult task) to apply your philosophy to the south and the east of our country. There are no comparable conditions (thank God and the labor organizations!), but there is our oldest race problem, which has been with us for over a century. There is no question of immigration in this, for we brought the black men from Africa under the hatches, and they are now, ten million or more, part and parcel of the people of the United States. There is no question of inferiority or superiority, or even of equality; it is *verboten*. The Fourteenth Amendment to the contrary notwithstanding, we permit the South to handle its racial problem in its own way. South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana take their Negroes very seriously, though not always wisely, to our notion.

New England, and New York state also, are in a situation somewhat resembling that of California. The character of their population is changing. The old homesteads (those of my forefathers date from the seventeenth century) are in alien hands. Dark-skinned, hook-nosed people till the ground where our grandfathers swung the scythe. The names on the jury lists and the court records (and title deeds also), smack of Hamburg, Naples, Kiev and Cairo. Interesting, is it not? Move along, you Yanques, and make room! Can you blame the Yankee or the Knickerbocker for demanding restriction? Let us suppose a situation—quite impossible, to be sure, but yet comparable to California's problem. Take the Jews, for example—and I have no prejudices against the children of Israel, as Jews. They are acquiring much land along the Connecticut river and the Hudson. They differ from us more widely in race and previous condition of servitude than do the French Canadians, the Slavs and the Italians. Suppose they had behind them four hundred million proud and sensitive people with a government able to back up its demands with ships; would we not take them very seriously indeed?

Mr. Herbert Croly, in his admirable article on the Institute of Pacific Relations, has this, which agrees with what I venture to call the high-brow New England view (which does not focus beyond the Alleghanies): "The Conference did not, of course, explicitly recommend any way of dealing with this problem, but the various speakers tended to endorse the Japanese contention [as, being "broad-minded," they usually do] that the other Pacific peoples ought to modify their own policies in order to take care of the Japanese increase in population." I would like to hear the response of the Sacramento valley to that proposition. And I would like to ask the various speakers if they would be willing to have their own door-yards Japanized for the purpose of taking care of Nippon's increase of population.

I am not a "100 percent American." With the author of the "Religio Medici," "I love to use the civility of my knee, my hat, and hand, with all those outward and sensible motions which may express or promote my invisible devotion. . . . I could never hear the Ave-Mary bell without an elevation; or think it a sufficient warrant, because *they* erred in one circumstance, for me to err in all, that is, in silence and dumb contempt." But I strongly object to selling my birthright for a mess of pottage, olla podrida, chile con carne, or chop suey. I take this matter seriously.

Boulder, Colorado. JOHN T. BRAMHALL.

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The Book of Leo Stein

The A. B. C. of Aesthetics, by Leo Stein. New York: Boni and Liveright. 271 pages. $3.

THE man whose conversations about art have gone into the nurture of most of the important artists of our day in Paris has written a book. For one who knows the author, it will be hard to dissociate these printed pages from the voice of the man who wrote them. To have had acquaintance with this tireless seeker, watched the beautiful curves of his mind moving for hours of uninterrupted discourse upon a mental action, and to have relished his piquant admixture of spiritual humbleness, intellectual passion and ascetic distrust of all passions, is not the sort of experience to be overlooked, just because one of the best talkers of our day has turned to writing. Mr. Stein's work is, moreover, in the best sense, conversation. From beginning to end, his curt and quiet tone is a manner of speaking. The color of the man stands in his most abstracted thought. He has written a volume in which all thinking and all topics are so securely focussed to a personal rhythm, that—whatever else—his essay is a work of art.

Mr. Stein has a poor opinion of philosophy, and of what esthetics, at its hand, has suffered. Mr. Stein, moreover, has loved art. He has, in consequence, attempted what might be called a "rescue." The sentimental mists of philosophic thought must be cut away from his beloved; the basis of the esthetic act must be presented in simple, matter-of-fact, assumptionless terms. This is the program. Actually, what Mr. Stein has achieved is a statement as subjective as Amiel's journal: a self-portrayal which is both beautiful and significant, since its hero is so archetypical of his time.

With the purely technical part of his examination of esthetics, there can be no quarrel. It is superb. Mr. Stein has studied the *picture* with a combined sensitivity and intelligence of which I, at least, can name no even approximate equal. To read his discussion of focus, interval, the physiology and analogies of rhythm, distortion, tension, composition, is to be aware of mastery and to know what sentimental perfume most literary art appreciation —from Goethe to Elie Faure—consists of. Mr. Stein's technique for the practical taste of art seems to me to be perfect. His chapter, for example, on "Pictorial Seeing," in which he makes clear how the eyes can turn a dish into a picture, how this ideal act is the basis of esthetics and must inevitably determine the distorting, flattening and focalizing, is a masterpiece; and the man who understands it is ready to see pictures. Moreover, the book is filled with apophthegmatic observations on life, the ego, civilization (which, to Mr. Stein, is yet far from dawning), that should make his volume precious to all lovers of delicious talk. Indeed, the work is so complete in its foreground —the physiology of the esthetic object—that its utter lack of background—the matrix, causality and dynamics of art—becomes the clearer. Mr. Stein makes plain how in a picture it is upon the depth-dimension that esthetic success hinges: how, indeed, much European art has failed because of the failure to throw the focus organically back and to make alive the planes which support and enact the forward action. And in this criticism, he has given the measure of himself.

If, having so amply learned from Leo Stein how to transform the dish before our eyes into a picture, one were to ask him: (a) why one should do this; (b) why anyone has ever done this; (c) why and how this act is universally linked with the entire history of man's spirit; (d) why feeling and value accrue from this act, and (e) what is the nature of this process whereby the self is enhanced, one would receive no answer. As I have said, Mr. Stein is "against" all philosophy and metaphysics. He takes furious pride in telling us that he has never been able to understand the writers on these subjects: and he makes clear that, if you think you have understood them, you are suffering from a delusion. "Philosophy," he tells us, "is a pseudo-knowledge which attempts to add a dimension to human capacity." "Mysticism," he adds, "is sentimentality taken seriously." The entire effort to establish truth from facts, or the real from our complex of thought and sense and act, being "philosophical" or "mystic," is inadequate and acrimoniously barred from his discussion of esthetics. "Esthetics gives us fact, not truth," he tells us. The work of art is a cognitive object, an object by means of which men may know, but which they must "stay outside of."

Mr. Stein sticks about as heroically to his backgroundless thesis as he could, without becoming inarticulate altogether. What value exists in that rhythmic synthesis of ingredients intercepted by self, and called art, unless the unity achieved conveys an experience beyond the matters abstracted? Why should we care to know a Cézanne landscape, if this especial focussing of hills and houses is a mere unification of themselves? Mr. Stein, in refusing to ask such questions or to place his facts in a context that inherently transcends them, dislocates every fact, every question he discusses; as assuredly as he would dislocate a dish (in a picture) if he essayed to represent its planes without the planes that intersect them.

To render art intelligible by isolating it from those causes and associations which invade the philosophic realm is just about as wise as it would be to employ a language after abstracting the meaning of the words. (This, by the way, is not far from the method of Mr. Stein's illustrious sister.) In his fear of unproved assumptions, Leo Stein has made a two-dimensional picture of esthetics. For the expert, his study of the traits of art in analytical cross-section is instructive. But for the reader who is really seeking an alphabet of esthetics, the result is arid.

Leo Stein represents, in his attitude, the philosophical defeatism of our day. Because so many little boys have burned their fingers, he will eschew fire and live cold. There is something positively heroic in this spectacle of a man aborting the creative process of his mind, because so many births in the past (as he sees it) have been abortions. Even worse, Leo Stein, having no sympathy with the birth pangs of the world, decides there shall be no more birth at all. To this end, the work of art is reduced to a mere rationally cognitive object, with self as a static coördinate of the cognition; and that entire process of dynamic osmosis between self and not-self, which is the history of culture, is put away as sentimental nonsense.

His subject has its revenge upon him. You cannot trace more than a diagram of the means of esthetics, unless you know that the configuration of facts in any work of art establishes for both artist and observer an experienced entity called truth, which as radically differs from these facts as water does from H_2 and O, or as a human body differs from the sum of inorganic chemicals within it. And —unfortunately for Mr. Stein—you cannot talk about anything with perseverance, without having to choose between a philosophy of your own (which is at least alive and

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yours) and a philosophy that is unconscious and not yours and uncontrolled.

This is the fate of the anti-philosophic Leo Stein. He says, for instance: "Some believe there are quite a lot of emotions. Some believe there are only three. I doubt very much that there is more than one, which is just emotion." This sounds like a brave refusal to "assume." It is really an assumption based on an atomistic philosophy whose tenet was that you must split up psychic states just as physicists split up matter into atoms. I might respond that there are no emotions—only organic contexts from which the mind may abstract analytic elements which partake solely of the mind process and which it has called emotions. I don't say my organic philosophy would be truer. The point is that Mr. Stein, in disagreeing with me, is as philosophical as I am.

Throughout his book, such unconscious philosophical assumptions are present: and they are inadmissible because *he* does not admit them. He says, for instance:

> Esthetics gives us fact, not truth. But fact to be interesting to adults in the long run must be true. Only science and practice can judge validity beyond the mere aspect. The world as it is scientifically known is not a whole world, but the nature of that world is such that it can find in science a partial reflection that is true enough to work. Our esthetic perception of the world must not contradict this knowledge.

If this is not philosophy—philosophy of a very classic mold—then Aristotle was a landscape painter.

I have here no space to isolate the assumptions which color the esthetic of Leo Stein; nor to work out the inadequacy of his definition of art as a cognitive object. The task would be the more difficult, in that he forbears from the method of statement of his first principles—a method which makes it so easy to attack the systematic thinkers. I detect, under Mr. Stein's abnegation of first principles about the "real" and the "true" and the "good," the cowardice of his epoch. Every man who lives should know that his *life* is an assumed, rationally unproved first principle. The real and the true are categories of our existence and enter as functions into all our acts. Our sole choice is between a creative and a passive attitude toward the first principles thus *given*. So far as I know, the one honest, if vain effort to reject first principles is suicide. Much of the brilliant intellectual activity of our day is a comfortable surrogate for self-destruction.

WALDO FRANK.

Hate and Bread

The Famine in Soviet Russia, 1919-1923: Operations of the American Relief Administration, by H. H. Fisher. New York: The Macmillan Company. 609 pages. $5.

HERBERT HOOVER offered his first plan for relief of the children who were starving in Russia as a result of revolution and war, on March 28, 1919. The first American Relief Administration food unit arrived in Moscow on August 27, 1921. For the deaths of children who succumbed in that two-year interval, political theorists and political practitioners are responsible.

Mr. Fisher, official historian of the A. R. A., tells the story of the negotiations with Allied governments and Soviet authorities before giving us the bulky record of the work which finally got under way. His evidence is devoted to showing that Hoover himself was always out of sympathy with interventionist policies against Bolsheviks, and that Hoover never allowed his hatred of Bolshevism as a political philosophy stand in the way of his effort to bring American material resources to the aid of the Russians.

The Hoover plan was assailed with equal fury by both friends and enemies of the Soviet regime. The accusation that A. R. A. agents were effective reactionary missionaries was, unfortunately, based on the testimony of one of them. Hoover has always denied the imputed reactionary influence and all intentions of political purposes.

It is, perhaps, even now too soon for many people to approach a Russian question, exacerbated by visions of ruin and misery, with an open mind. Mr. Fisher's account is written in a realistic spirit, amply documented, and convincing. If a reader can overcome his shame for the cruel delays, he can be thankful for the stupendous effectiveness of the two years' work finally done in salvaging millions of pitiful lives.

L. B.

"Him"

Him, by E. E. Cummings. Boni and Liveright: New York. 145 pages. $2.50.

E. E. CUMMINGS has written a play of great length and of the utmost impracticability. It is, in fact, rather a dramatic poem in prose, and is to be judged as such. As a poet, E. E. Cummings occupies a unique and curious place. He is, perhaps, the writer of the younger group who most widely and vividly interests, and who most pronouncedly influences, other young people writing poetry. And he has deserved this eminence: he has deserved it by his remarkable lyric gift which enables him to burst into delicious, if frequently incoherent, song, while most of his fellows are stitching images together; by his audacity, and by his original personality, his personal habit of speech, which make his poetry unmistakable for the poetry of anyone else, until other people begin to imitate him. Yet Cummings has always, so far, as a poet, seemed somehow artistically unsatisfactory. Spontaneity and naïveté are a *sine qua non* of lyric poetry, yet the poet should have at least the patience to calculate his effects and the expertness to carry them out; whereas Cummings seems self-indulgent, as if he never could resist an extra trick or a silly joke. One has always suspected in him an inability to see what he writes from the point of view of the person who reads it.

This play, which comes nearer than his poetry to letting us see Cummings's mind at full length, bears out this impression. Cummings has a curious and special type of mind, a mind which seems to understand things instantaneously, which seems to understand everything, but which rarely appears to disentangle or to systematize its thought. "Him" is the outpouring of an intelligence, a sensibility and an imagination of the very first distinction—but a drama deficient in dramatic logic. The present reviewer approaches the subject of Cummings's dramaturgy with excessive diffidence: he is himself the author of plays which sinned conspicuously in the same direction as Cummings's have; and he sincerely hopes that what is said here will be taken, not for the strictures of a detached and complacent spirit, but as the wisdom of sad travail and experience. The action of "Him" is evidently an ether-dream in the mind of the heroine; and the climax of the drama is

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evidently the revelation to the audience of the reason for her being under ether. Within her dream, there reënact themselves the various phases of the love-affair which have brought her to her present pass, intermingled with a phantasmagoria of the imaginings of her lover, who has, at the time of the love-affair, been engaged in writing a play. But the development of the love-affair, and the connection with it of the phantasmagoria, are obscure even to the reader, and, one would say, from the point of view of an audience, completely baffling. One's impression is that Cummings has not carried through his task of thinking out the relations of the various elements in his play. So, though he has tried to give it dramatic structure, he has left it more or less chaotic.

But when all this, on the negative side, has been said about "Him," its remarkable merits remain. In the first place, there are comic ideas which would be enough to make Cummings's fortune, if he would only take more thought to make them tell. The burlesque-show Mussolini with his epicene admirers; the morose American traveler belly-aching over the dreariness of a European city where the inhabitants are starving; the three Fates who sit knitting and rocking and talking eerie nonsense throughout the action: all are capital conceptions which have moments of brilliant vitality before the author, with a strange lack of instinct for dramatic climax, either lets them go on so long that they lose their hold on our attention or allows his scene to trail off in an ineffective ending. There is even a little too much—and for dramatic purposes, far too much—of the three Fates—though their talk is in a happy vein:

> First—George says he doesn't see why guineapigs can't have children if children can have guineapigs.
> Third—A clean tooth never decays.
> Second—*Do* children have guineapigs?
> First—Oh yes, more's the pity. Mine often have it.
> Third—Your nails show your refinement.
> Second—Badly?

And Cummings also reveals an astonishing faculty for reproducing and caricaturing the way different sorts of people talk: his soap-box orator, his barker and his American ladies in Paris all speak with the true lifelike relief of comic genius.

It is, however, in the scenes between the lovers that Cummings's power principally appears. They are, to my mind, more successful than any of his poems. Here, the blurriness and lack of direction of the mind which does not construct is carried off by the extraordinary sensitiveness which is itself a kind of intelligence. Here Cummings is occupied, as he is in much of his poetry, with the attempt to render shades of feeling so special and so complex that language can scarcely follow them. The effort to seize these feelings and to hold them, not by the mold of a literary convention, which must always falsify them, but in the raw confusion with which they shake our body and spirit, has, of course, always been a primary cause of the obscurity of Cummings's verse. But here, where he has imposed upon himself the stricter discipline of dialogue, he has succeeded, with an original and marvellous eloquence, not merely in letting us hear what the lovers say, but also in making us feel what they feel, experience what they experience. These scenes—and especially the one at the beginning of the third act—seem to me the best things of Cummings's that I have ever read. They make "Him," for all its stretches of balderdash and its puerilities, a book which should be read by all persons who prefer genuine literature, no matter how drunk and disorderly, to the imitation, no matter how well dressed.

It may be that in the wit, the fantasy and the lyric beauty of "Him" we find the germ of a dramatic poet of importance. The qualities which have gone to make this play are under notably less efficient control than those which went to make "Peer Gynt," but they are of essentially the same kind. I have said that "Him" is impracticable, and so, in its present form, it is; but why does not someone induce the author to reorganize it and cut it down, and try the experiment of producing it? Our American expressionist dramas have too often been deficient in precisely those elements in which Cummings's is rich: they have commended themselves to our attention on the basis of their artistic merits, and then have turned out to suffer from the primary disadvantage of being written by persons who could not write. Cummings may lack theatrical expertness, but he is equipped with a vivid dramatic sense, and—what is equally important—with the poet's pen.

EDMUND WILSON.

An American Genius

Epoch: The Life of Steele MacKaye, A Memoir by his Son, Percy MacKaye. New York: Boni and Liveright. Two Vols. $10.

IN summing up his life of his father under the title "Epoch," Mr. MacKaye has been singularly felicitous, for it does not often happen that the life of one man so completely epitomizes and illustrates the struggles, the achievements, and the glory of a whole period. And the poetic gift and impulse of the son contribute admirably to interpret the vivid, inspiring, dominating genius of the father.

The book is further a happy vindication of the Victorian age against the rather contemptuous criticism and the indifference of the turbulent period that has followed it. Those who are intensely alive, or think they are, always look upon their immediate predecessors as peculiarly dead: it accentuates their own somewhat doubtful consciousness of living. And it is the fashion to treat the last generation of the nineteenth century as conventional, artificial, desiccated, deanimated, to a distressing extent. A careful perusal of these flashing, startling pages will go far to remove this delusion. The late Victorian age, like other ages, had its passions, its struggles, its aspirations, its frustrated achievement, its crushed and disappointed hope. In other words, it was vividly and intensely human, while it lasted, and the pulse of its humanity throbs and vibrates in these two solid volumes with an energy and a color that are not easily forgotten.

As for the men and the women of that time, you could hardly get a more complete and varied collection of them. In one way or another, Steele MacKaye came into contact with pretty much all the famous—and some of the infamous—persons of his generation, and nearly all of them have left a living impress upon this record of his career. There are the political figures, Lincoln, Cleveland, Roosevelt. One does not expect new Lincoln anecdotes at this late day, but here are fresh ones from Carpenter's notes at the White House, like Mrs. Lincoln's holding out on her husband with some impossible request, until the recorder hears the agonized protest: "Laws, Ma! How do you reckon I can go to a Cabinet meeting—without my pants!" There are the scientists, like Edison, who gladly recognize MacKaye as one of themselves, Edison calling him "a real

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pioneer, a Galileo." There are the financiers, the men of business and the world, Pullman, or Corbin. There are the preachers, Beecher, Lyman Abbott, Bishop Potter. There are the painters and the sculptors. There are the literary men, from Longfellow to Oscar Wilde. There are the men and women of the theater, in endless, parti-colored multitudes. And all wear what seem to us the strange Victorian clothes, but utter thoughts and quips and passionate words of love and hate that would come just as well from the New York or London of today. And binding, linking them all together, making every one of them find a proper place in this book, is the bewilderingly broad grasp and reach of the main subject of it, as indicated in William Gillette's striking sentence about him: "He was a marvellous and indescribable genius, for one thing, and a super-friend for another."

For all this crowd, this hurrying, shifting, laughing, weeping multitude of human creatures is dominated, skillfully, naturally, successfully, by the central figure, so intensely alive that even the remoteness of fifty years cannot chill or dull his attraction or his magnetic inspiration. Take the man externally, in the extraordinary variety of his pursuits and interests. If you think of him as an inventor, he might have been nothing else, an inventor not only of innumerable practical devices in regard to the theater, but of couplers for railroad trains or crushers for quartz. If he had followed the impulse of his youth, he might have been a painter, and a great one. Those who learned from him thought him essentially a teacher. If he had stuck to the stage simply as an art, few would have left the record of more brilliant and more varied acting. And as a man of business, a ceaseless thinker, contriver, manager, and a molder of men, he was perhaps most gifted of all. Only he had not the gift of making money for himself. Fortunes slipped through his fingers—into the pockets of others, as from the notable success of Hazel Kirke. His last supreme conception, the great Spectatorium for the World's Fair, in 1893, which should have epitomized all the arts, was thwarted by financial disaster, and what can be more tragic than his taking his sons to the site of the ruined building, leading them to the top of a rusty iron staircase that went nowhere, and uttering the simple words: "Boys, this is where it was to have been"?

But it is the inward personality that informs and vivifies all this outward variety and movement, and few intenser embodiments of human ardor have been seen in the Victorian age or any other. I turned from the reading of the recent volumes of Amiel's journal to this record of Mr. MacKaye's, and the contrast was striking because of the resemblance. Amiel wanted the wholeness of man's nature, would not be content with parts, or scraps, or fragments, and because he would not be so content, he did nothing. Steele MacKaye also was devoured by this passion for wholeness, for unity. He did not want one facet or phase of the divine, he wanted all or nothing. But instead of sitting down in fretful impotence, he went out to get everything, he lived all over for every hour of his passionate fifty years. Unity, completeness, all sides, all aspects, must be woven into every minutest item of his ardent effort. It tore him to pieces, it killed him, but while he did live, it made him gorgeously alive. There was the fury and the fire of genius in everything he touched. And there were the moments of depression and despair that genius always carries with it. There is the terrible saying, so like one of Voltaire: "Cousin Millie, if you know of a woman who has a young son that is a genius, tell her—tell her to take him out there in the yard and shoot him, lest he should grow up to suffer as I have had to suffer in life." But the despair passes and the genius remains, so long as life remains at all. There is always something higher, something finer, something further, something that we cannot quite reach, yet must try to reach, even if we die trying. And above all I relish, first the anecdote of the boy who, at the peril of his life, climbed to the top of the church steeple and explained to his horrified mother that he was "huntin' for God," and then the matured, ampler utterance of the fighting man: "All is mystery—but there are two ways of confronting mystery: with fear or with courage. Fear makes us servile, superstitious, teaching us to obey from degrading motives. Courage enables us (by the effort to solve) to become strong in mind and heart, and teaches us to obey, from the love of the supreme beauty and wisdom. I do not believe in bowing to God—but in facing Him boldly, in opening our hearts to Him honestly —though it be to curse Him. Courage is the great conqueror of every virtue.—Fear is the mean father of every vice. The world perhaps is beginning to realize this." The world does not realize it yet. Perhaps some day it will.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD.

Advice to a Young Reviewer

Advice to a Young Reviewer, by Edward Copleston. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

ONE day in 1807, Edward Copleston rose from the Chair of Poetry which he held at Oxford, sharpened his pen to a fine point, and fared forth to tilt against "flippancy, arrogance, conceit, misrepresentation and malevolence" in reviews. His crusade was timely. Men took their letters hard in those days. Critics were powerful, cruel and, often enough, undiscerning. The Quarterly was all three when it chose to hound Keats—as some believe, to death.

His weapon was brilliant and suave. He neither railed nor ranted. Under the guide of advice to an aspiring reviewer, he simply set forth the rules of the game as his contemporaries played it, adding an example to show how the thing should be done. Write what will sell; exalt yourself at the author's expense; bury the main issue under irrelevant and ludicrous detail. These are his main precepts, supported by elaborate reasoning and delivered with a mealy mouth. His introduction is a masterpiece of ironic sophistry; his illustration improves that blend with a dash of methodical madness. It undertakes to show that one John Milton is an upstart and a fool, though not necessarily a rogue; and it dismisses his blundering "L'Allegro" with the kindness that kills.

The booklet, which offers a bright half hour for all who relish satire, has an added interest to those who observe fashions in criticism. It brings home the fact that we labor under the reverse of the complaint described. A few years ago we too preferred the sadistic review. Just now, however, we are going in for pampered literature. Each month we hail a greatest American novel. Sane judgment is drowned out under the thud of rolling logs, the panting of critics who have to keep up at all costs, and the groans of publishers with hungry presses to feed. Perhaps some young twentieth-century reviewer, reading Copleston's advice, will be struck with the idea that leisurely judgment and impersonal consideration of writing on its own merits are necessary to make a superlative mean something.

BETSY GREENEBAUM.

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She Sits by Herself

Ballads of the Singing Bowl, by Marjorie Allen Seiffert. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 126 pages. $2.

MARJORIE ALLEN SEIFFERT has some insight into the darker impulses of the heart. Her knowledge of the compulsions of human wills that work furtively upon each other is evinced in the grim ballad of "Rad and Beeling." She is a romanticist who squarely faces and then compromises with reality. In these "Ballads of the Singing Bowl," aborted emotions attain a vicarious life. They push, this way and that, blind, pressed-down heads. Not nice heads. Sometimes you almost step back. The mind has played only a small part in their emergence. It seems to have felt at a loss how to dress, or rather cover up, those dark-colored bantlings. Well, here was the ready-made ballad gown—high-necked, pinch-waisted, over-ankle-length—good!

We look superficially alike—what can be seen of us—as we stand behind peep-holes and regard each other across our defended borders. Creatures of our underworlds, who know of the subterranean passages between, differ chiefly in size and in more or less formidable viability. Those of Marjorie Seiffert's do not tend to giantism. On them the ballad uniform neither sags nor crackles. It fits snugly to its dark content, the old unhappy magic of the heart.

In this book, Mrs. Seiffert has no contemporaries. Inevitably, one thinks back to Coleridge. Her smaller, more shadowy shapes are never illumined by the vivid lightnings that make his expand and flare into moments of splendid life. No, it is not because she is a woman. Women, provided their eyes are not blinkered by sophistication, probably animals too, and some birds, glimpse, at times, the ray. Only a woman is usually satisfied with passing the vision on to some man. Or—because in her has been bred the defensive quality of secrecy—she conceals the vision within her, until, like all live things, it has gone glimmering on its way. So perhaps, after all, it is because she is a woman. . . .

In "Two That Feasted," she shows the beleaguered I, turned upon and rent by its own creation. Again I must go back: the tragedy of Frankenstein restated. Not that Mrs. Seiffert's thought at any point touches Mary Shelley's. Mary had the male, that is, the inventive, type of intelligence; Marjorie Seiffert has the expressive, which we call the creative. The work of neither shows that necessary contact between male and female principles that I find in Coleridge. Mary's laboratory is too well lit. No dark corner is left for each mind to people with its own fears. Mrs. Seiffert's creatures remain cauled in a blueish twilight. I think the reason for the failure of this and of some other of these poems is that her emotions have not been raped by the fertilizing mind. But in "The Dolphin's Daughter," and in a few others, she has achieved lovely and pure effects. In this opening poem, which is too long to quote, her images are perfect conductors for the mood they carry. Lines such as these,

> The night grew narrow
> like a breathless room,

bring a pang like that of a shared experience. From time to time there is an exquisite simile that vibrates in memory,

> . . . laughter quiet as a bell
> That rings a dozen miles away.

These ballads are a great advance on Mrs. Seiffert's earlier book, "A Woman of Thirty." In them she has come out from under modern influences, with which, in her deeper self, she was out of sympathy, and which were inimical to the development of her particular gifts. That about her book which I admire most is that, in it, she has dared to be herself. In turning her back on every prevailing fashion, school and clique, and going down into her own subverted emotions for her content, she has done something unique, as though in early Victorian curls and long skirts she had elected to walk down Broadway. There is much in this book that is beautiful, therefore important, and I think there is more to come from one who writes,

> The moonlit hill
> And the black trees
> Where a hidden bird
> Sings and is still,
>
> Leave me unstirred.
>
> I am hidden deep
> Like the secret bough
> Of a tree in leaf. . . .

LOLA RIDGE.

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